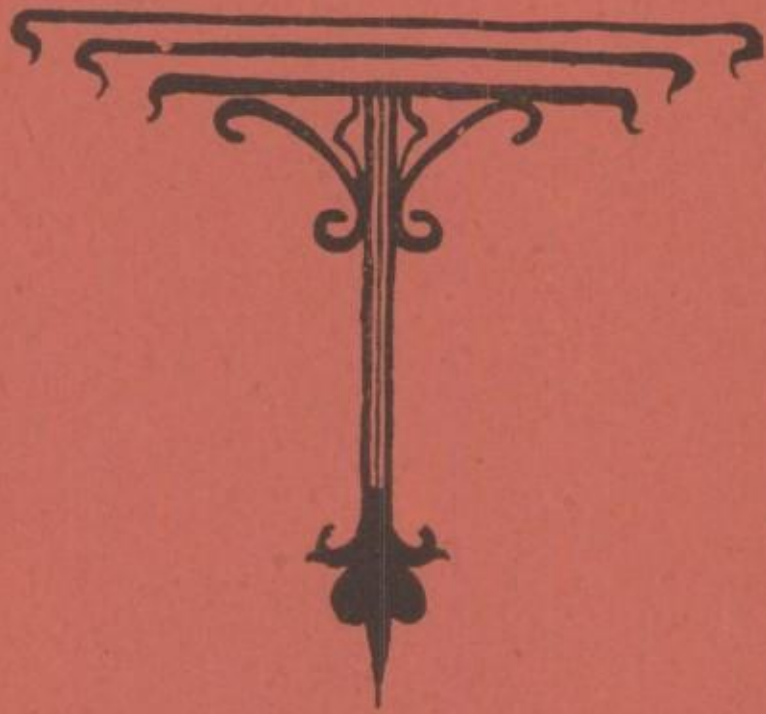


Scarlet & Black



Class of 1916



WHL

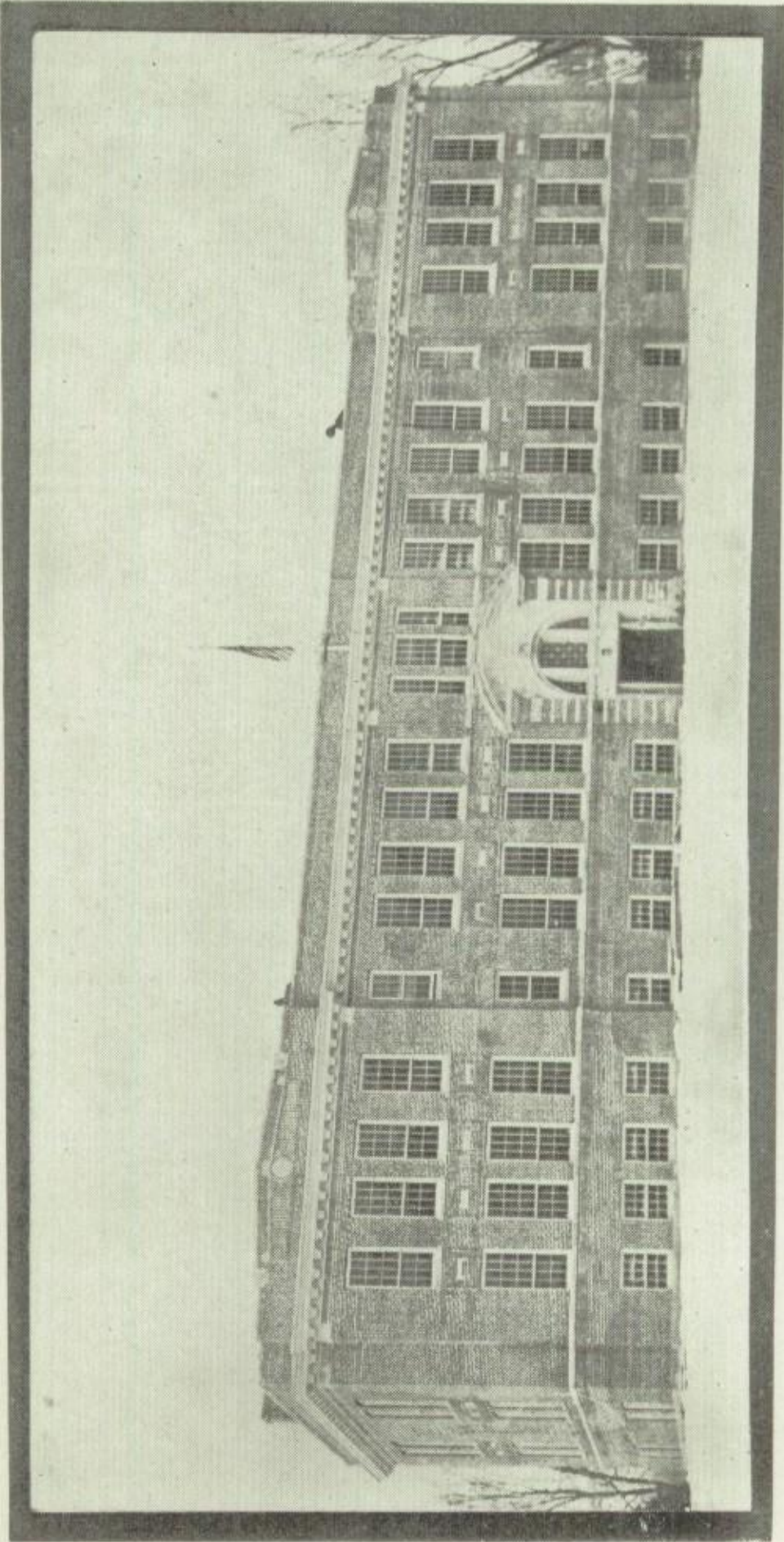
Scarlet and Black

Published by

The Junior Class
of the
Adel High School

Class of 1916

Volume Five

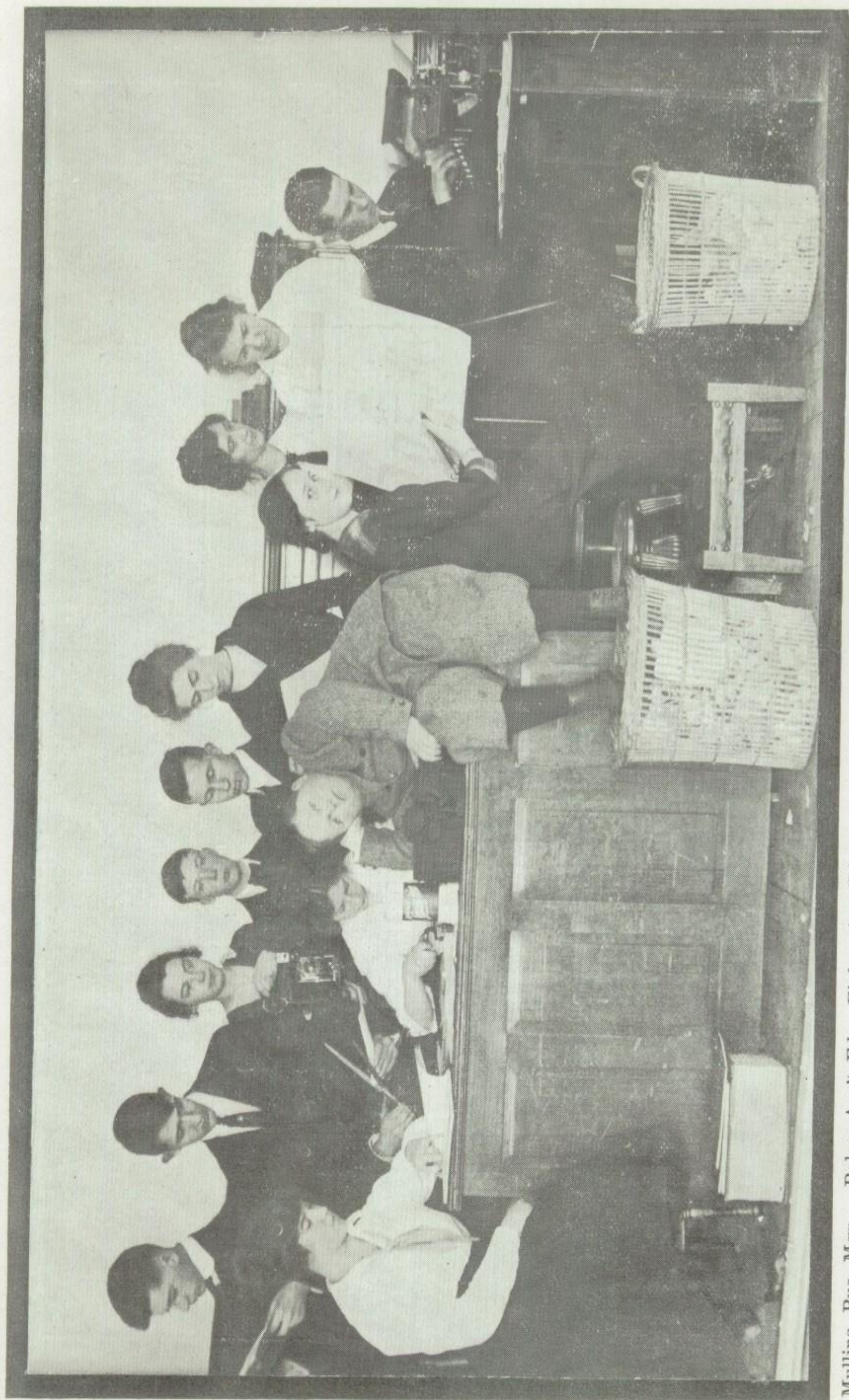




To MRS. JEANETTE JOY
Honored by Students and Faculty
alike, as one always ready
to help promote the
welfare of
Adel High School
we, the Class of 1916
respectfully dedicate this volume
of the
"Scarlet and Black."

Salutatory

For the fifth time the Junior class of Adel High School presents to the public a brief record of the events of one of the most critical years of our school's existence. The contents of this book are intended in the spirit of fairness, with malice toward none and charity to all. As the years go by we hope that our schoolmates will recall many pleasant events which transpired during their High School days and are here recorded.



Mullins, Bus. Mgr. Bales, Ass't Ed. Finley Art Ed. Barngrover, Soph. Ed. Chamberlin, Senior Ed. D. Dillon, Literary Ed.
 Button, Junior Ed. Sweeley, Freshmen Ed. Spillers, Ass't Bus. Mgr.
 Storm, Ed. in Chief Brulport, Joke Ed. Lindeman, Cartoonist D. Smith, Sec. and Treas.

ANNUALS STAFF

Elizabeth C. Storme.

J. Dwight Smith

Francis Bales

Dwaine Spillers

Doris Dillon

Harry

Brulport

Ruth Finley

Paul Cuman

Marcella Forest

Ruth Chamberlain

Leone Barngrover.

Donald Eastman

William

Verlin L. Sweeley.

Board of Education



D. E. LUTHER
President Board of Education

Board of Education



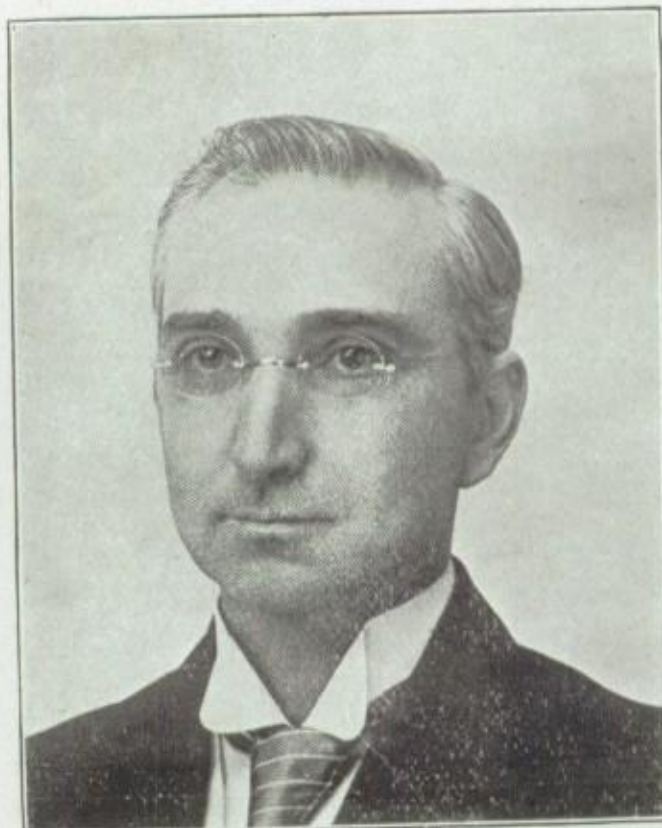
WILLIAM ROBERTS



C. S. MACY



S. A. DOUGLAS



WALTER E. SCOTT



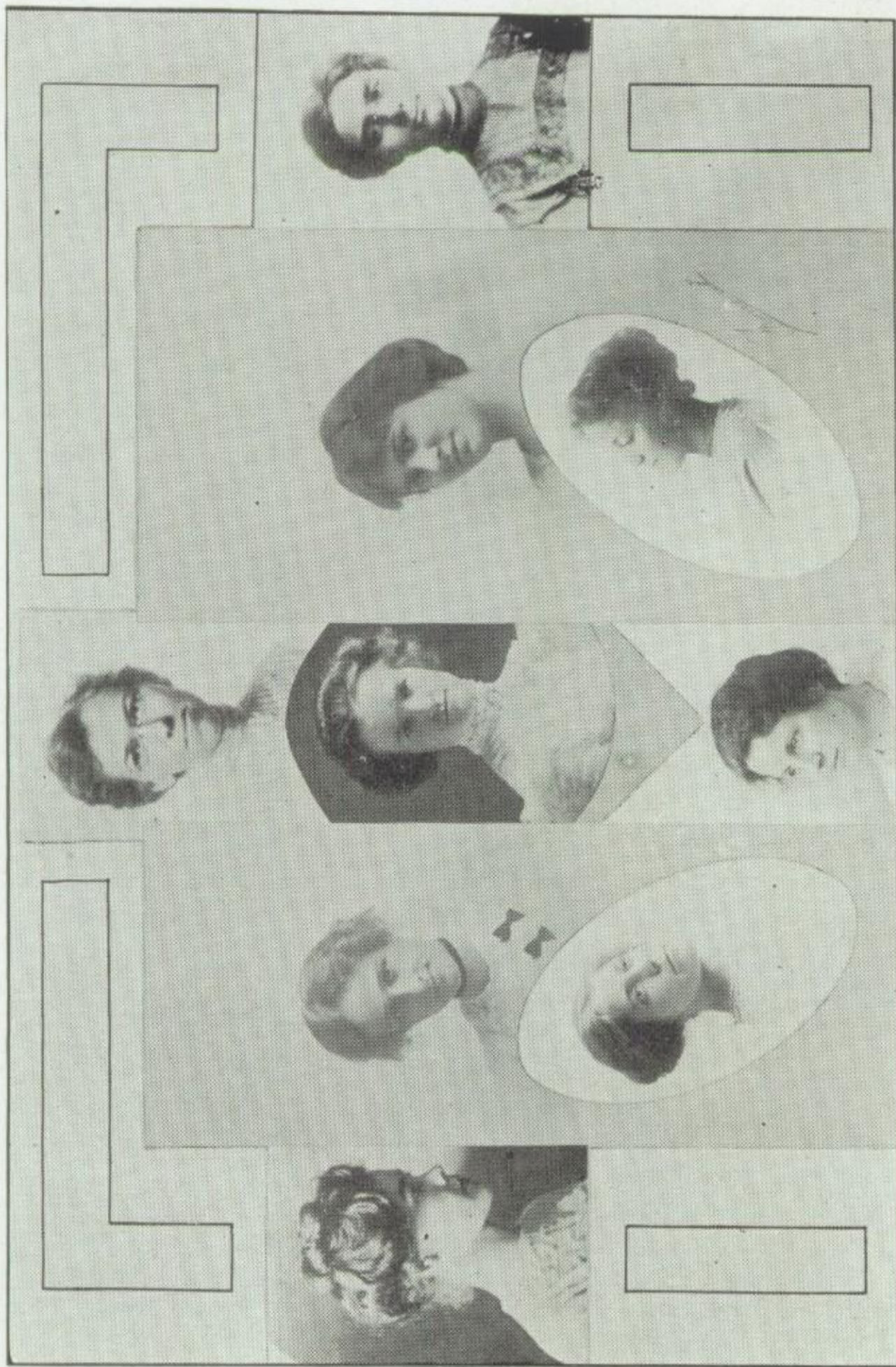
FRANK LINDEMAN
Superintendent



ELSIE AXTEN
Principal—English



MRS. JOY
History, Economics
and Civics



THE GRADES and DOMESTIC SCIENCE

Mary Harper, 6th Grade.

Hazel Clark, 2nd Grade.

Mary Stacy, advanced 1st Grade

Hazel Ferguson, Primary

Cora Lorenz, 8th Grade.

May Richardson, 7th Grade.

Home Economics and Book Keeping

Bertha Houghtaling, 5th Grade

Irene Hiatt, 4th Grade.

Carolyn B. Newcomb



Ruth Thomson.
Mathematics

R. W. Fowler.
Manual Training and Physics

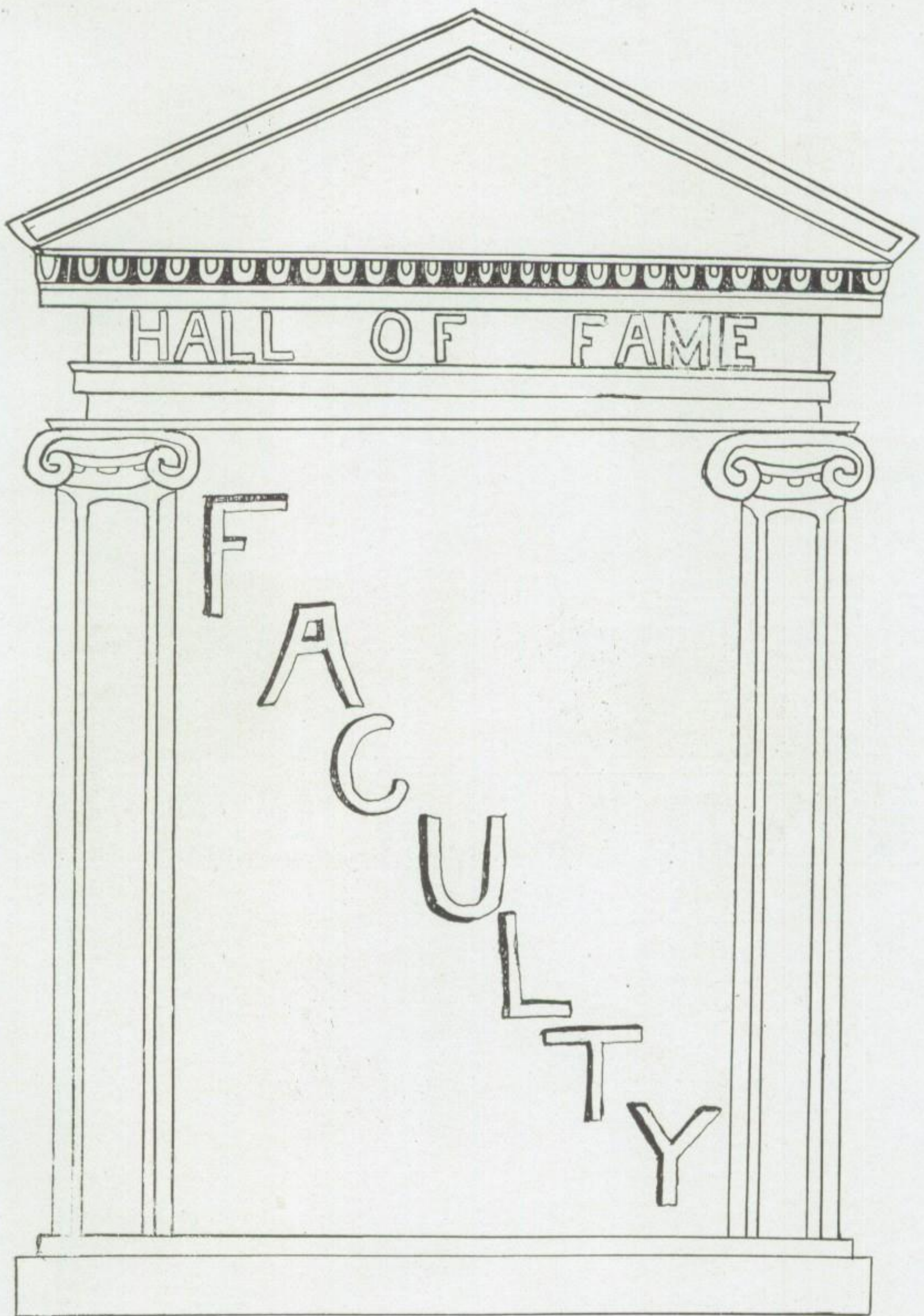
Janet B. Ady.
Latin and German

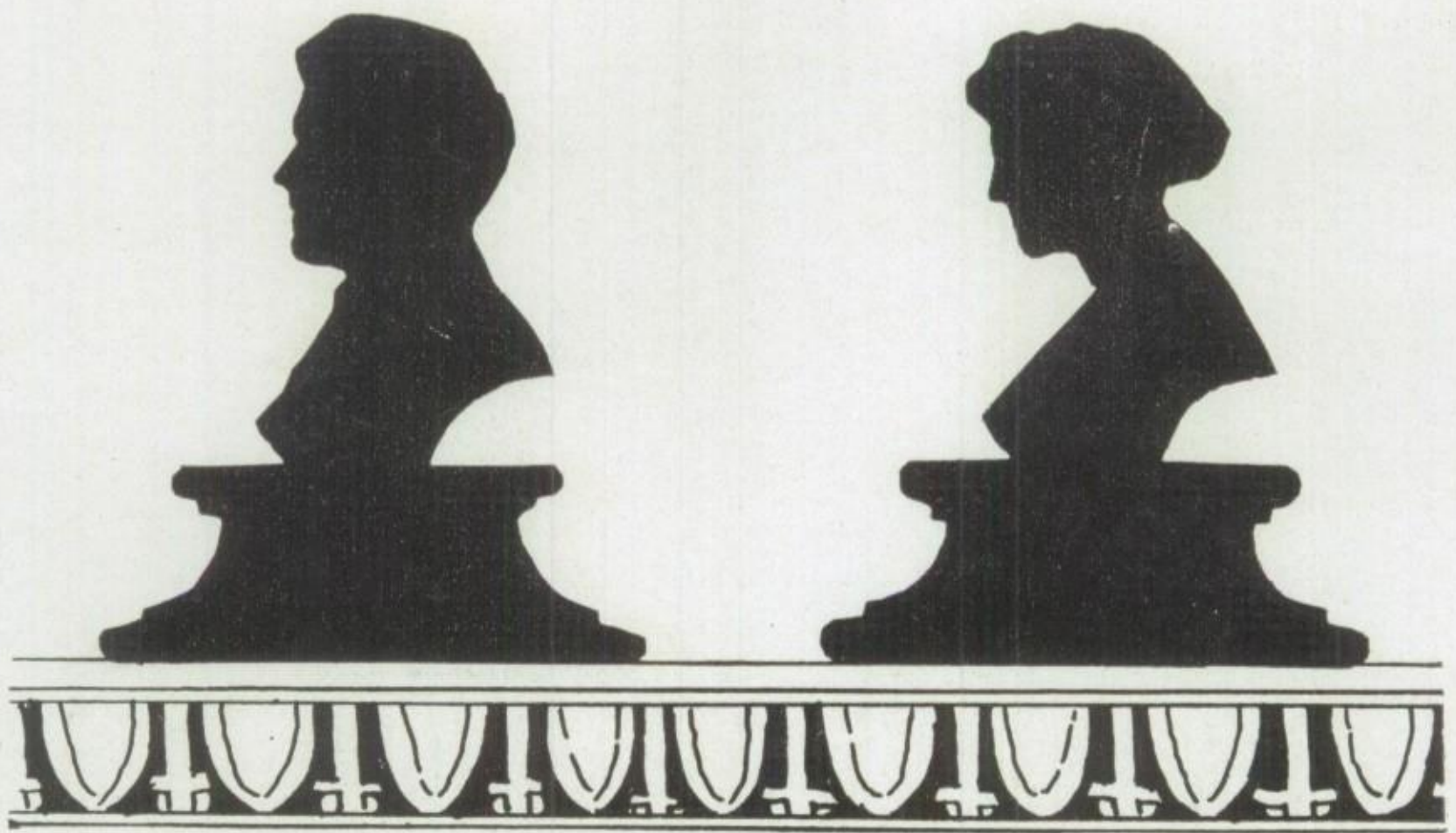


MARY LUTHER
3rd Grade



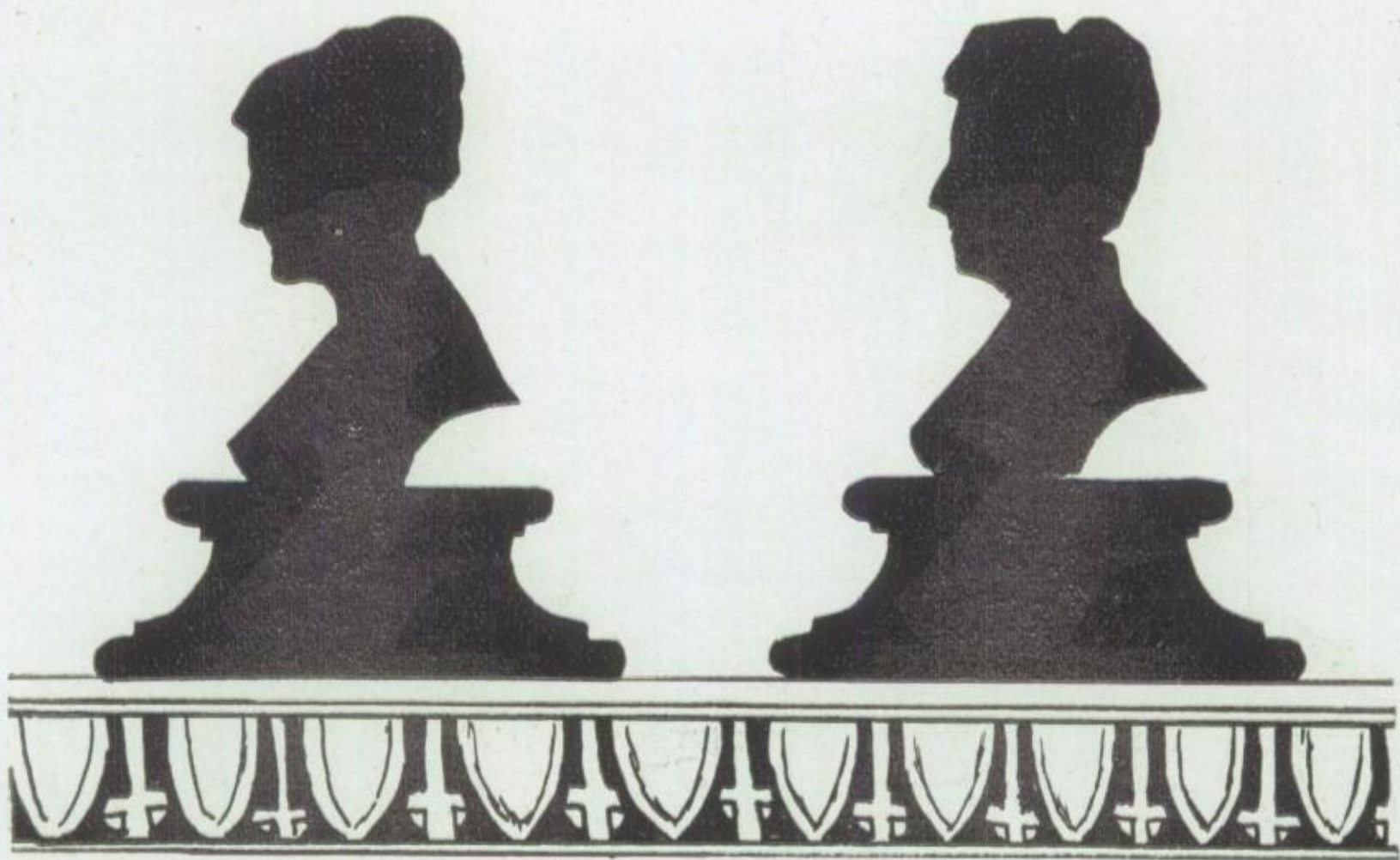
MELLIE WARREN
Music





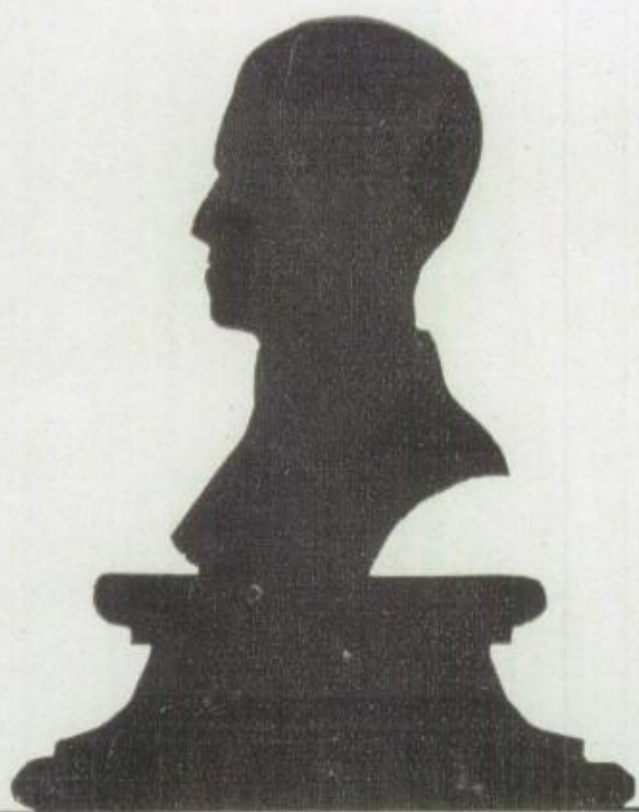
MR. LINDEMAN
Superintendent

MISS AXTEN
Principal

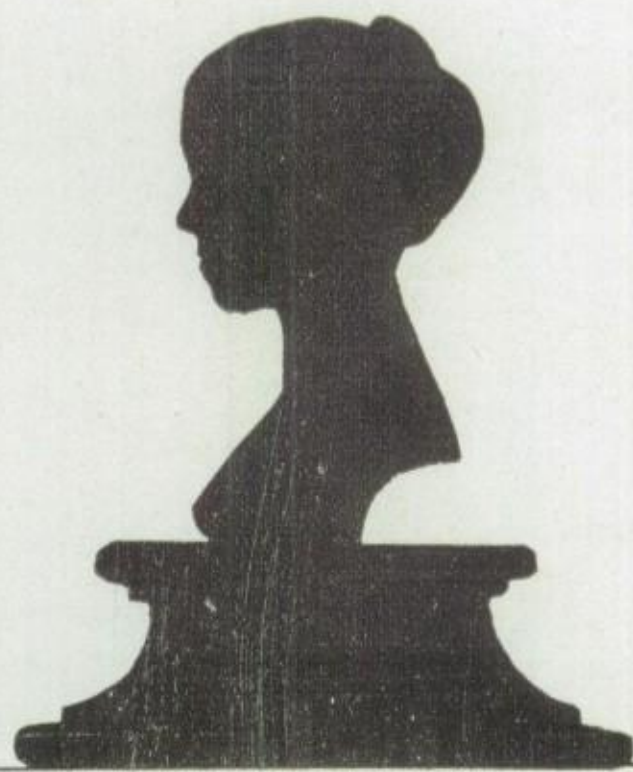


MISS ADY

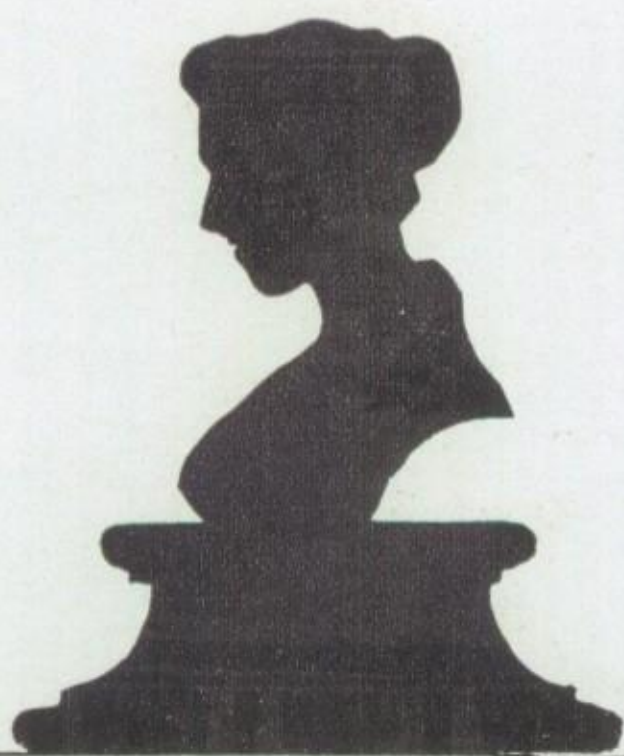
MRS. JOY



MR. FOWLER



MISS WARREN



MISS THOMSON



MISS NEWCOMB

If Dreams Came True.

A beam from the skies shot swiftly down,
And hit our professor right on the crown.
"Why bless me," he cried, as he rubbed the spot,
"I feel that with sunshine I've suddenly been shot."
Quickly out of his office he jumped,
And into the astonished principal bumped.
Then into the assembly he went with a bound,
Little Miss Axten following him 'round.
"My dear pupils," he said, "you've worked so fine,
A day off we'll have, now march down in line."
Poor David so frightened he tipped over a chair,
And Lloyd forgot to grin—this sport was so rare.
The dignitaries flocked in to see what was doin'
And Merritt came along, his thumb still a chewin'.
"Miss Thomson," said the sage, "in math's your like's never been seen,"
These Freshies so bright who were lately so green,"
Miss Thomson fell down in a faint on the floor,
Miss Newcomb backed off and kept her eye on the door.
"And Miss Ady," he said, "For German you're a dream,
Someone else has the milk; we surely have the cream."
Then back to his office he went with glee,
"Behold what I've done, aren't you proud of me?"

R. C. '16

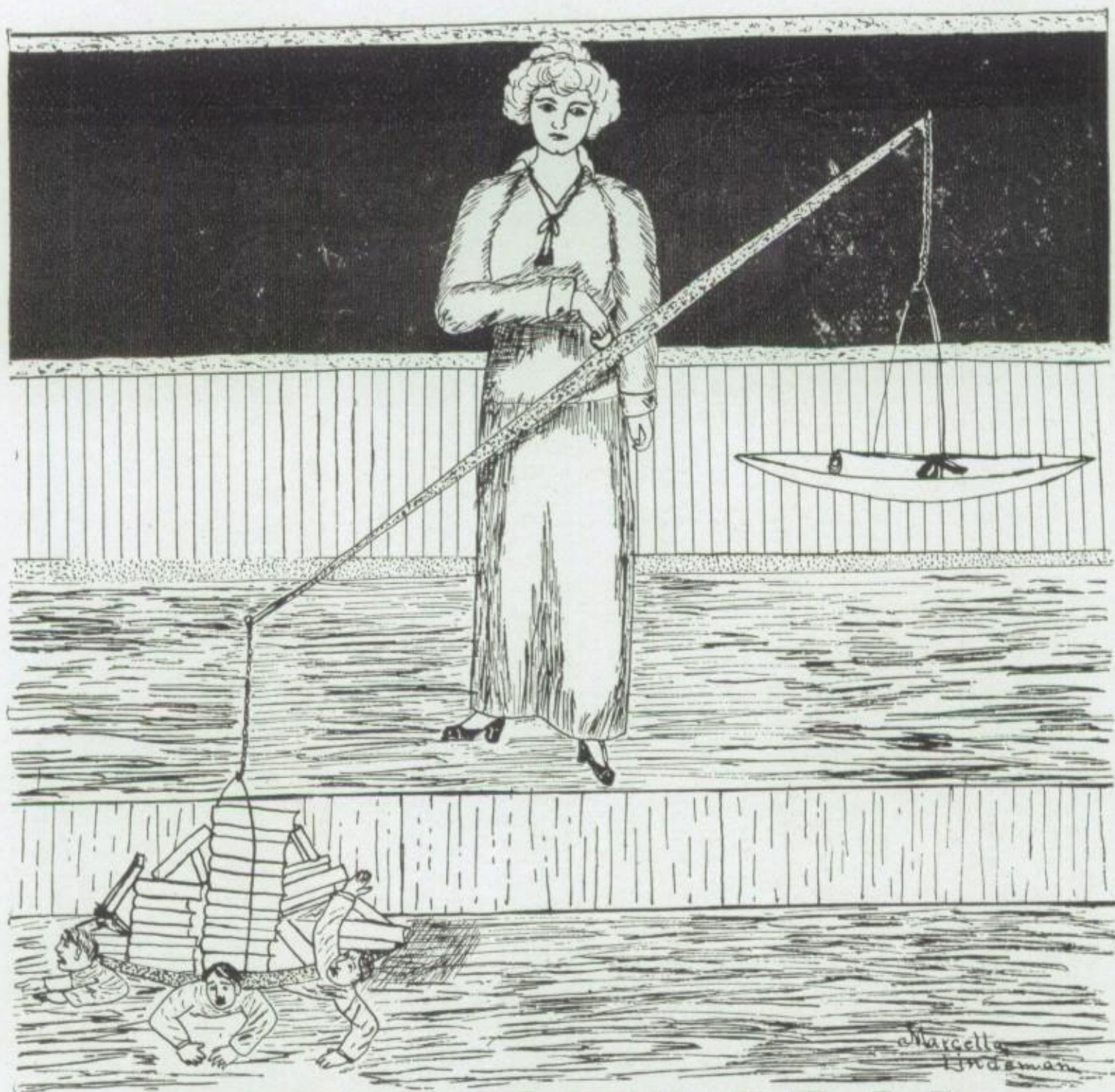
Some day we're going to study hard,
Some day we'll write a decent rhyme,
Some day we're going to graduate,
At some far distant time.
Aren't we?

Some day we'll write our notebooks up,
Sometime when the Annual is done,
Then we can make a fussing date,
Now wouldn't that be fun?
Eh, what?

Class History of 1916.

A school there was and she made her prayer,
(Even as you or I!)
To a real live bunch that was fair and square
(We called it the class of sixteen there),
But the school she called it her jewel rare
(Even as you or I!)

[Apologies to Kipling]



FRESHMAN

CLASS OFFICERS

President	-	-	Manley Storm
Vice President	-	-	Martha Button
Secretary and Treasurer			Georgia Clark



M. Oberwetter	Mae Huston	Crenshaw	Mallory	Young	M. Miller	Hol	Fiske	Raymond M. Button	G. Clark	J. Fidler
Yeager	Sweeley	Spillers	Storm	Beach	H. Fidler	Ross	McGriff	Long		

Freshman Rogues' Gallery

MERRITT YOUNG—

Description: A swift walker (like a snail).
Former Crime: He *must* have studied once.
Present Crime: Feeding his face.

LILLIAN YOUNG—

Description: Curly hair.
Former Crime: Living elsewhere.
Present Crime: Traveling.

VERGIE HOUSER—

Description: Peaceable blue eyes.
Former Crime: Studying.
Present Crime: Same.

RENA MALLORY—

Description: Short (?).
Former Crime: Studying.
Present Crime: Taking life easy.

GEORGIA CLARK—

Description: Inquisitive and popular.
Former Crime: Wanting to be Freshman.
Present Crime: Wanting to be a Senior.

MARTHA BUTTON—

Description: Short, busy.
Former Crime: Writing notes in English.
Present Crime: Writing notes in German.

PAUL YEAGER—

Description: A walking bellows.
Former Crime: Being funny.
Present Crime: Trying to be funny.

MAEEL ROSS—

Description: Perpetual motion discovered at last.
Former Crime: Pounding a piano.
Present Crime: Hunting mice.

CHRISTINE ANDERSON—

Description: So dark.
Former Crime: Working the teacher.
Present Crime: Working her Algebra.

EVA RAYMOND—

Description: Calm and sedate.
Former Crime: Studying hard.
Present Crime: Getting E's in everything.

BERTHA BACKMAN—

Description: Small and sprightly.
Former Crime: Writing notes.
Present Crime: Smiling.

MAY HUSTON—

Description: A star in the class.
Former Crime: Nobody knows.
Present Crime: She wants a maxim silencer.

DON CHAPMAN—

Description: T-a-a-l-l and slim.
Former Crime: Growing.
Present Crime: Wishing he hadn't.

DAVID CRENSHAW—

Description: Freckles.
Former Crime: Doing nothing.
Present Crime: Loafing in Senior rows.

ELIZABETH HOL—

Description: Short.
Former Crime: Laughing and smiling.
Present Crime: Whispering out loud.

ZELMA CONANT—

Description: Lively, jolly.
Former Crime: None.
Present Crime: Too bright for classmates.

FLORENCE FISKE—

Description: Nothing like Thomas.
Former Crime: Being quiet.
Present Crime: Being a Freshman.

MANLEY STORM—

Description: Non-descript.
Former Crime: Hunting a girl.
Present Crime: Still hunting one.

MILDRED BEACH—

Description: Chewing gum.
Former Crime: Writing letters.
Present Crime: Writing notes.

ETHEL LONG—

Description: Tall, dark complexion.

Former Crime: Being good.

Present Crime: Being better.

ZOLA SPILLERS—

Description: Glasses.

Former Crime: Speaking when the teacher speaks to her.

Present Crime: Not speaking when the teacher speaks to her.

VERLIN SWEeley—

Description: Young and brilliant.

Former Crime: Getting lessons.

Present Crime: Trying to astonish you with wood-craft.

VERNON McGRiff—

Description: Short—light hair.

Former Crime: Studying.

Present Crime: Talking German.

HARRY FIDLER—

Description: White haired—dignified.

Former Crime: Killing time.

Present Crime: Ditto.

JOHN FIDLER—

Description: Slim—dark hair.

Former Crime: Loving his studies.

Present Crime: Cursing them.

MERLE MILLER—

Description: So much of muchness.

Former Crime: Growing.

Present Crime: Still at it.

A Half Minute of Horror

Strange as it may seem, a death-like silence prevailed in the Assembly room, when all of a sudden an odd sound was heard. It was a loud ticking noise and came in jerks. The terror-stricken students looked into each other's questioning faces and trembled. Was it some infernal machine which might explode and send fragments of building and pupils high into the air? Could it be someone who had voted against the new school building taking this method to revenge himself upon the town? Was the world coming to an end? It couldn't be——, yes, it must be——. An excited train of thoughts passed rapidly through every mind and a hundred eyes were turned toward the southeast corner of the room, from whence this horrible rasping sound issued. The intense suspense had grown agonizing and was becoming unbearable for many. A shriek from the opposite corner aroused Harry Fidler, who turned around in his seat with a chuckle of satisfaction, finished winding his watch and placed it in his pocket.

Freshmen in 1915.

Five and twenty number us,
Freshmen class of A. H. S.

Running the High School course with E's,
Ruling in number, if you please.

East and west our fame shall spread,
And still live on when we are dead.

Sophomores and Juniors standing high,
Speed on, lest we pass them by.

Honest, darling, faithful and true,
Happy, hearty and ambitious, too.

Moonlight parties, songs and naps,
Mighty nice girls and classy chaps.

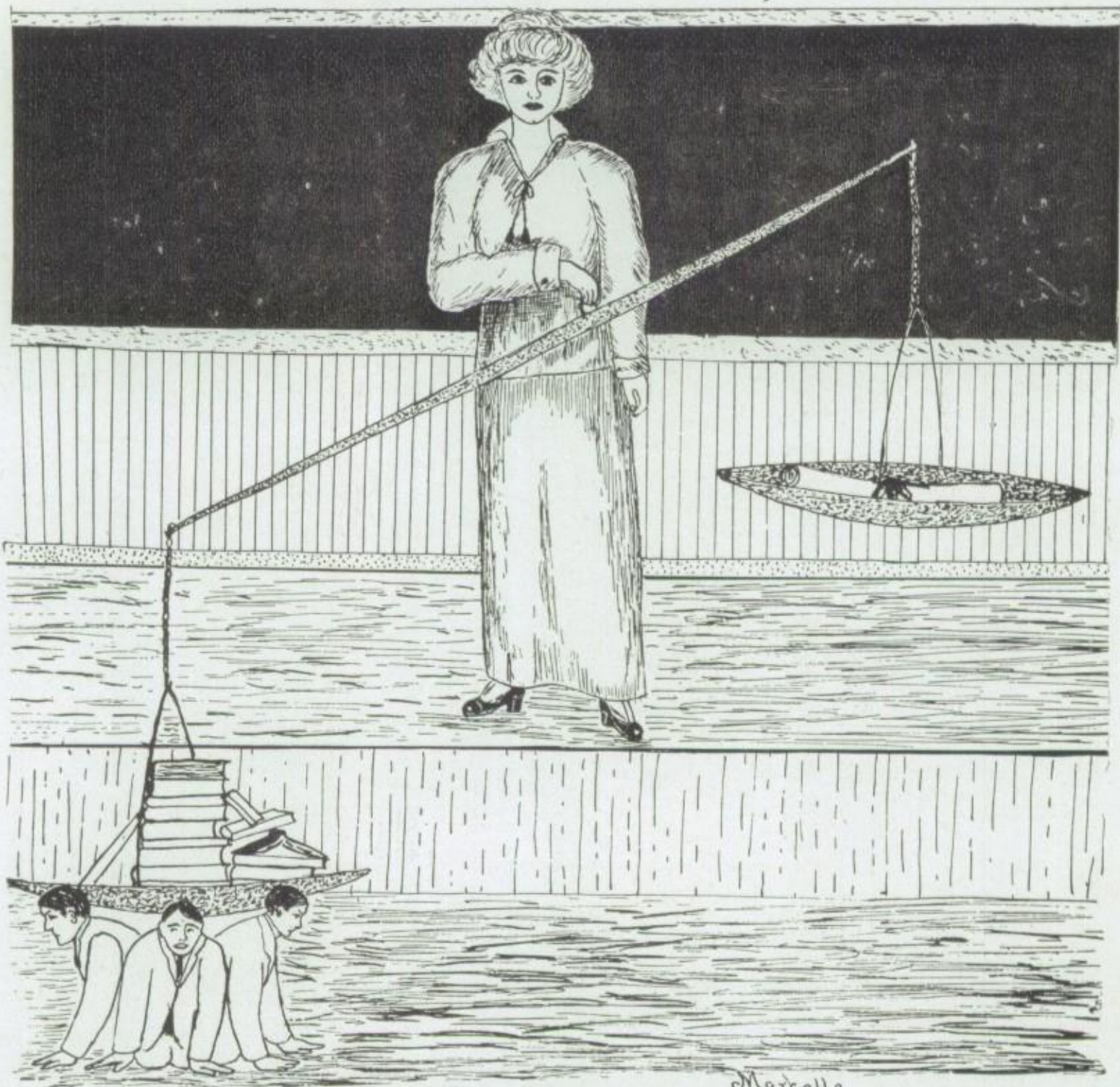
Egotistical like the Seniors,
Each night called for misdemeanors.

Never has such a class been seen,
Now give three cheers for the class of '18.

D. C. '18

Hail to our Prof., who in triumph advances
As he comes to the front of the room.
He clears his throat and buttons his coat
And proceeds to tell us our doom.

V. S.



Marcella
Lindeman

SOPHOMORE

CLASS OFFICERS

President	-	Clarence Van Fossen
Vice President	-	Hazel Ulery
Secretary	-	Ward Miller
Treasurer		Leone Barngrover



VanFossen Ulery Knoll Harsh Millie Huston Barngrover Lindeman James G. Reeves Weidner A. Anderson Chance
 Miller Black Cooke Valentine L. Reeves Long Harmon D. Hubbard

Sophomore Statistics

Name	Failing	Chief Complaint	Thankful Because
Alma Anderson	Chewing gum	Caesar	Geometry isn't so hard
Leone Barngrover	Her good grades	Bell rings too soon	I have something to keep me busy
Irene Black	Crocheting in school	Merle Chance	I don't take Caesar but one year
Mabel Cooke	Primping	Theme-writing	I'm in America
Merle Chance	Dreaming	My capacity	I'm big and jolly
Darwin Hubbard	Smiling	That front seat	I have a front seat
Mary Harsh	Our M. M. C. Club	Cement floors	I'm smart
Christelle Harsh	Quietness	School	I don't have to come to school on time
Cleta Harmon	Visiting near the window	"Oh Hugh"	Some one listens once in a while
Millie Huston	Criticising	My incessant talking	I have elocution
Myrtle James	Grimming at Marcella	Lengthy lesson	I like to study
Nellie Knoll	Giggling	The distance home	I live in the country
Harold Long	Bashfulness	The coach	I have a back seat
Marcella Lindeman	Passing notes	Having to study	I am the Prof's daughter
Myrtle McWhinney	Clashy colors	The slippery walks	I have a good complexion
Mary Merryman	Bawling	Geometry	I'm a Sophomore (once)
Beatrice Miller	Conquering Caesar	Literary Programs	I don't have the mumps more than
Ward Miller	Telling funny stories	The weather	I'm a poet
Lena Reeves	Accommodating	My voice	I'm not so fleshy
Golda Reeves	Laughing	That cough	I am happy
Hazel Ulery	Tall slender people	So many things to be done	I can have a good time
Rodolph Valentine	His popularity	"Girls"	I haven't a girl
Clarence Van Fossen	Self-estimation	Those Freshies	I am a good boy
Fred Weidner	Babyish ways	That teacher on the rostrum	I can't behave
Sophomores	None	None, for we are satisfied	We are a pretty good bunch

Total No. of Sophomores, 24	Total weight 3071 lbs	Average age ...16 yrs 4 mo
Total height129 ft	Average weight 128 lbs	Total size of shoes 120
Average height 5 ft 5 in	Total age 392 yrs	Average size of shoes 5

In Durance Vile

Adel's sun was slowly setting
O'er the cornfields far away,
Streaming through the high school windows
At the close of one sad day;
And its rays fell on the faces
Of a "Soph" and teacher there.
He with pale face all a-tremble,
She with red and glistening hair;
He with knock-knees, bumping loudly;
She with lips compressed so tight
That scarce the words could utter,
"You may stay with me tonight."

"I am tired of all this nonsense,
And it's plainly to be seen
That your German grades or Darwin's
Are not what they should have been;
I want you to stop this whispering,
Darwin, take this seat right here,
For it seems that you can't study
When your seat to Fred's is near.
From the grades on your report cards
It seems neither are so bright
That you can afford to whisper,
So you both may stay tonight."

She again turns to her papers,
Which she makes the Sophomores write,
Who take Caesar and take German,
And with the Belgians fight.
And she glances from the platform,
Down upon the Sophomore rows,
All intent upon their study,
Or in listless, wearied doze.
She remembers now those bright ones
Who in Room Three oft recite—
Some with fine imaginations
Who must also stay tonight.

Who would e'er forget those Sophomores,
Both the poor ones and the bright,
Both the "ornery" and the "angels,"
Who give answers wrong and right?
Alma Anderson, the studious,
With her bright and flaxen hair—
When the "list" is read each evening,
Alma's name's not often there;
Ward, to whom she gives the front seat,
And whose humor she don't like,
For his very free translations
Must stay with her, too, tonight.

Leone is almost an angel,
But is only lacking wings—
She is one who shines in Caesar
And in many other things.
Rodolph is another Sophomore
Who is interested in
Caesar's military tactics,
And who holds hair cuts a sin.
These, the Sophomores, too, take English;
Some, who failed their themes to write,
Were informed by Elsie Axten
That they must stay in tonight.

There was Merle, who writes themes funny;
Spelling simplified's his hit,
And he fills your "sole" with pity
At his grand descriptions—nit;
There's Mabel Cook with curly hair,
Whose home is o'er the sea,
She tells of merry England,
For an English lass is she.
And next Myrtle McWhinney,
Who gets all her answers right
And who seldom hears Miss Axten
Tell her to stay in at night.

The next one going down the line
Is charming Mistress Mary,
Who crowns the King of Ortonville
And does feats literary.
Next comes our quiet Chrystelle,
With her modest, winning ways,
Who re'er "cuts up," but digs and digs
And wins the teachers' praise.
But in history the Sophomores
Do outshine all others, quite,
And for this (if for no other)
They don't have to stay at night.

Cleta's one we all remember
In this class just before noon,
For she tells us that Athenians
Were suspicious of the moon;
And another that we'll not miss
Is our sweet-faced Nellie Knoll,
Who is always bright and merry,
And whose name we all extol.
Irene Black has grievous trouble
Keeping up her notebooks trite,
And she wonders if for whispering
She will have to stay at night.

Farther down the roll comes Lena,
And her sister, Golda, too,—
There is nothing in our textbooks
That these two can fail to do.
Next comes Bea, our missionary,
Who will make fine Figi stew,
Who converts I. O. U. H.'s
'Til they're Christians through and through.
For geometry in Room One
When we don't draw figures right,
Miss Thompson tells us sternly
To stay in with her at night.

Hazel, who made lovely tatting
With that pretty orange cord
That we used for making circles.
When we drew them on the board;
Millie, going to the blackboard
With an autocratic air,
As she reads her proposition,
With the pointer streaks the air.
Harold, with his ruler fumbling
As he tries the book to cite,
Wonders if Miss Thompson'll make him
Stay a while with her at night.

Mary Merryman, our brunette,
Just can't get geometry,
And the way to solve her problem
Is one thing she cannot see;
Clarence has a nice grade record
That few can, if any, beat,
But his very greatest failing
Is in tipping back his seat;
Geometry's Myrtle's hobby.
And she turns with sudden fright
When she sees the teacher writing
Down her name to stay at night.

Hark, the class bells call! Miss Ady
Wakens from her reverie,
Looks to see if someone's whispering,
Writes a name; each thinks "That's me!"
Soon the classes march in quickly,
Then Miss Axten takes the stage,
From the desk picks up the tablet,
Glances down the fateful page;
As she reads the list of culprits
Who have not been "doing right,"
Sighs escape from high school members
Whom she says must stay tonight.

There is Darwin, Myrtle, Alma,
Irene, Golda, Ward, Chrystelle,
Cleta, Mary, Lena, Beatrice,
Rodolph, Hazel, Mary, Nelle,
Clarence, Millie, Merle, Marcella,
There's Fred, Harold and Leone—
When at last the list is ended
All emit a wrathful groan;
But Miss Axten says, "I want this
Groaning all subdued here, quite.
School's dismissed; and I want also
All these to stay in tonight."

M. L. '17

IF_____

I had my hair combed, my shoes blacked and could sit still, I would give the impression of being a strong man. Fred Weidner.

My piano of speech was not out of tune, I might be able to sing.

Leone Barngrover.

My size was in proportion to my wisdom, wouldn't I be big?

Marcella Lindeman.

I study Caesar as hard as I chew my gum, I may astonish Miss Ady with a good lesson.

Alma Anderson.

The teachers would call on me more, I would get more practice in elocution.

Millie Houston.

Painting was taught in school, I would get more ideas in color schemes for my clothes.

Myrtle McWhinney.

I would go out into the back yard and practice yelling, I might be able to make Mrs. Joy hear me in class occasionally.

Lena Reeves.

Donald wasn't so tall and I wasn't so short, we would be nearer the same size.

Hazel Ulery.

Caesar couldn't construct complex, compound sentence concoctions, I don't know who could.

Beatrice Miller.

I didn't think someone was looking at me all the time, I could make a better recitation.

Myrtle James.

I'm not the most stylish young lady in high school, somebody's wrong.

Cleta Harmon.

I had a girl I would be in my seventh heaven of delight.

Rodolph Valentine.

I wasn't so slow, I would be faster.

Harold Long.

The teachers knew how much I dislike a front seat, they wouldn't persist in me occupying one all the time.

Darwin Hubbard.

Im' not a wise and witty child, who is?

Merle Chance.

"Well" wasn't in the English language, how could I recite?

Ward Miller.

It doesn't make me mad for someone to criticise my theme, when there is nothing wrong with it.

Irene Black.

I could understand my geometry, somehow, I would be glad.

Mabel Cooke.

Ninety-eight is a good grade, a 100 is better, so here's where I work harder to get a 100.

Clarence Van Fossen.

Joy and duty clash let duty go to smash.

Mary Merryman.

One curl is becoming, then several curls must be most becoming.

Mary Harsh.

I didn't live in the country, I wouldn't have any topics for my themes.

Nellie Knoll.

It wasn't for my golden curls, I wouldn't be called Goldielocks.

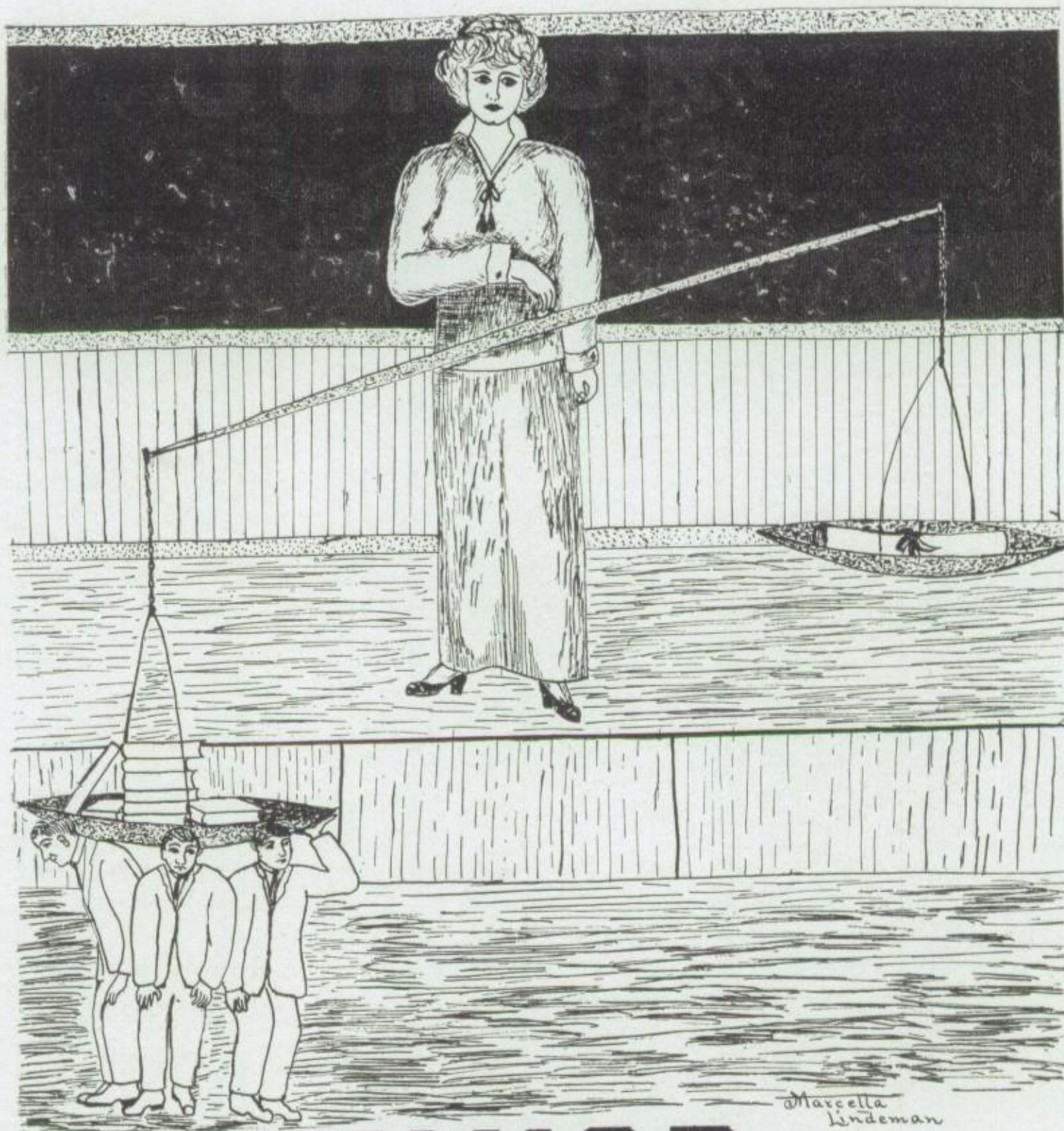
Golda Reeves.

You do not think I am the quietest Sophomore, I will write you a lecture on the subject.

Christelle Harsh.

We're not the smartest class that ever went to Adel High School, we missed our guess.

The Sophomores.



JUNIOR

CLASS OFFICERS

President	-	Opal Button
Vice President	-	Beatrice Harvey
Secretary-Treasurer		Grace Claassen
Sargeant-at-Arms	-	Donald Eastman



PRESIDENT

OPAL BUTTON "Irish"

Adelphic. Lyric Club

Class Editor

"When she will, she will
and you may depend on it;
When she won't, she won't
and that's the end of it."

VICE PRESIDENT

BEATRICE HARVEY "Bea"

Quill

"She delights to dispense
of worldly wisdom as a
strong man to win a race."

SEC'Y and TREAS.

GRACE CLAASSEN

Quill

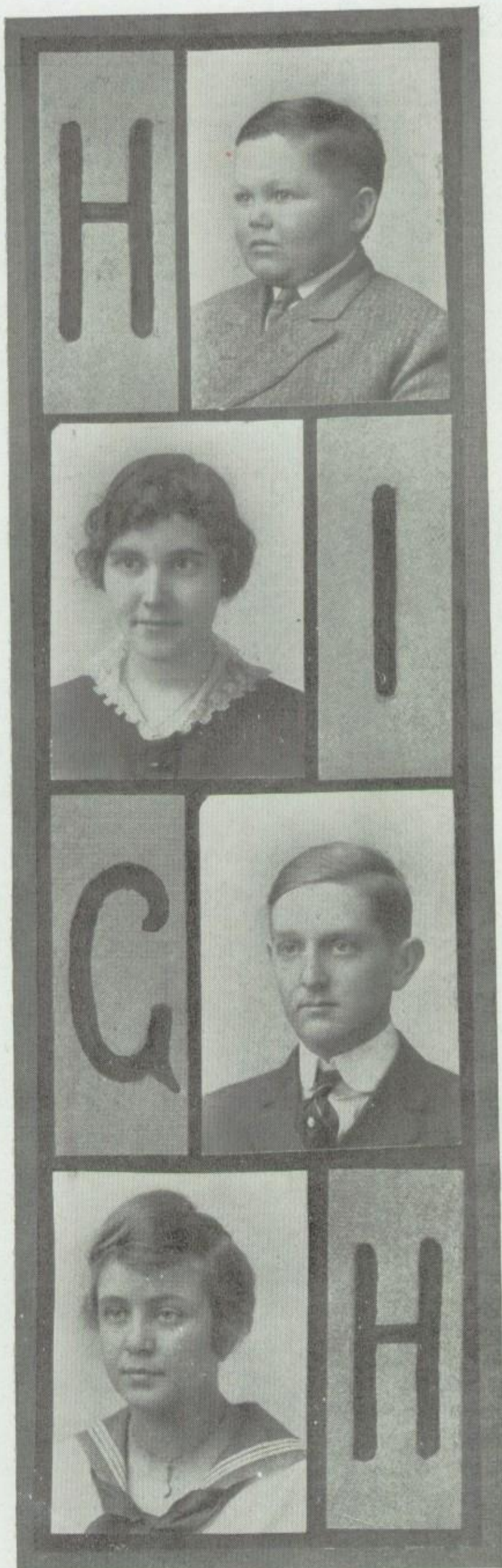
"I hold to mine opinions,
go thou and do likewise."

SERGEANT AT ARMS

DONALD EASTMAN "Don"

Adelphic, Athletic Editor

"With a necktie bright
and a happy smile,
He goes his weekly (?) call
to make."



HARRY BRULPORT

"Happy"

Quill, Joke Editor

"I have no patience with the blues at all."

Willie

WILMA MYERS "Willie"

Adelphic, Lyric Club

"Liked here, liked there, liked everywhere."

LLOYD CONANT "George"

Quill, Football '14

"Better be a sinner than a cast iron monkey or a plaster paris cat."

RUTH CELLEY "Celley"

Adelphic, Basket Ball

"A girl replete with a vivid imagination and a large store of ability."



HUGH VAN METER "Doc"

Adelphic

"I like fun and I like jokes,
about as well as most of
folks."

ELIZABETH STORM

"Bess"

Adelphic, Lyric Club
Editor

"She puts her worries
down in the bottom of her
heart, sits on the lid and
smiles."

DWAINE SPILLERS "Tar"

Adelphic, Ass't Bus. Mgr.

And lo! in this child I see
great promise,
For beneath the surface
lie many manful thoughts."

EDITH STEELE

Quill

"A modest maid, yet self
possessed withal."



WESLEY CRONKWRIGHT
"Bill"

Quill, Football '12, '13, '14
Cartoonist

"A heart to resolve, a head
to contrive and a hand to
execute."



DORIS DILLON "D²"

Quill, Literary Editor
Lyric Club

"She would rather talk
with a man than an angel
any day."



HAROLD COFFIN "Coffee"

Adelphic, Football '14

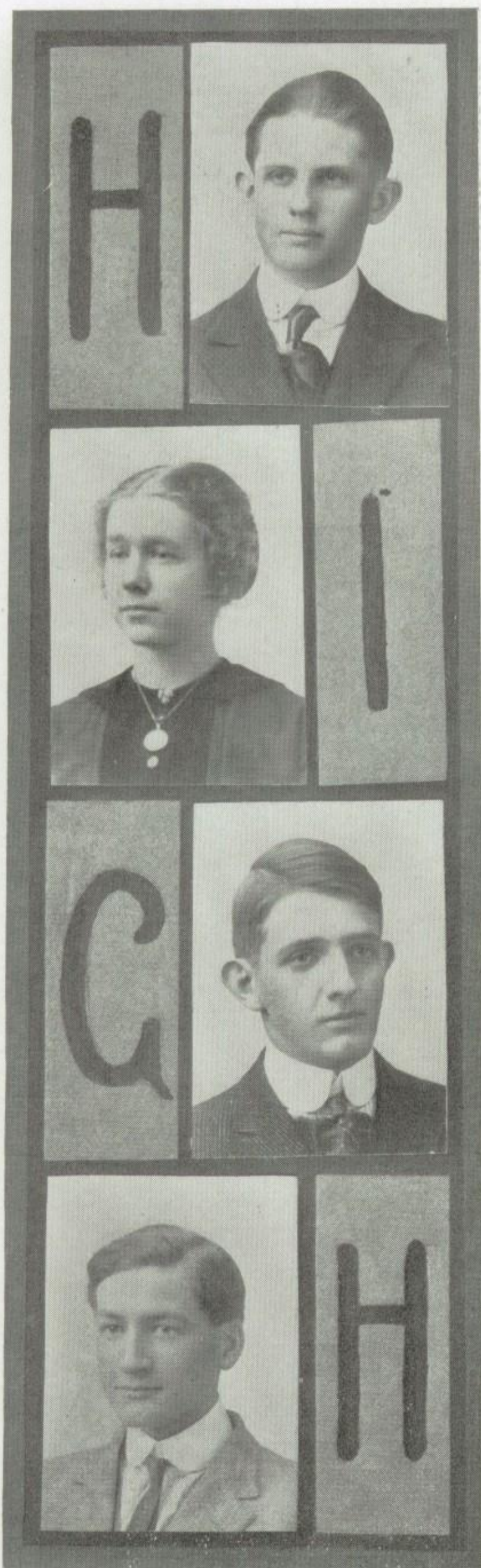
"Just watch me when I get
out of here."



RUTH FINLEY "Ruthie"

Quill, Lyric Club
Art Editor

"No possession gratifying
without a companion."



DWIGHT SMITH "Dyke"

Adelphic, Sec'y and Treas.

"He, who would make others laugh."

ALDA HARKRADER

Quill

"Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth."

FRANCIS BALES "Fussy"

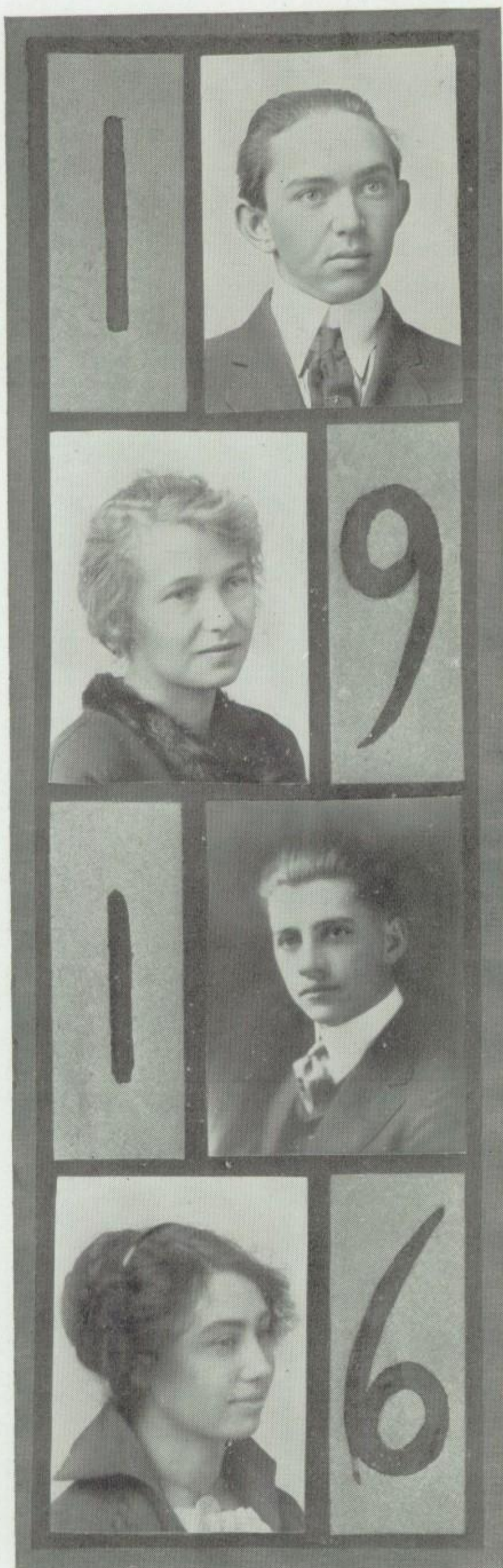
Quill. Ass't Editor

"In thy face, I see the map of honor, truth and loyalty."

TIMOTHY HOL "Tim"

Quill. Football '14

"Beware! I may yet do something sensational."



THOMAS FISKE "Tom"

Adelphic

"Wouldn't I make a fine villain?"

NELLIE FOX

Adelphic. Basket ball

"Who gained no title and who lost no friend."

FORREST MULLINS

"Frisk"

Quill. Football

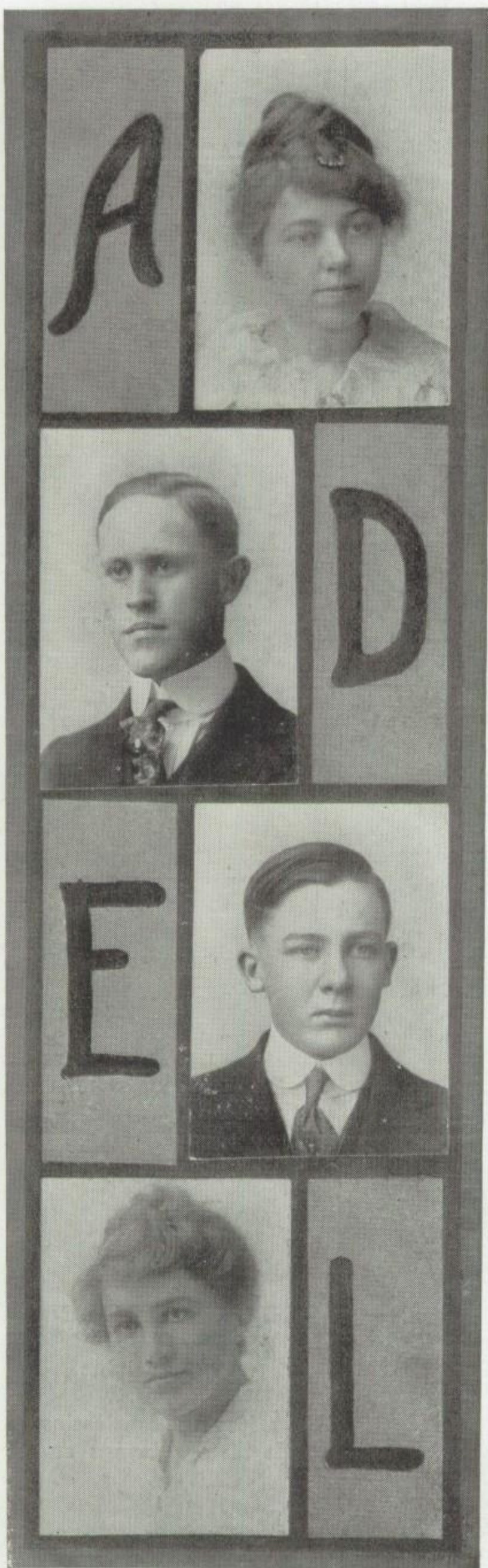
Business Manager

"Disguise our bondage as we will,
'Tis woman, woman rules us still."

BERNICE EASTMAN

Adelphic

"Keeping everlastingly at it always brings success."



HAZEL DILLON

Adelphic

"Mostly mild and quiet is she,
And yet, 'neath all is mischief free."

DARREL WRIGHT "Dick"

Quill
Football. Basket ball

A never-say-die athlete.

IVYL BUCKMAN "Bucky"

Adelphic

"I am not only witty myself but the cause of that wit that is in other folk."

LOUISE CLARK "Becky"

Quill

"You have such a happy look,
Such a very pleasant manner."

Junior Time Schedule

Name	7:30 A. M.	12:30 P. M.	7:30 P. M.
Harry Brulport	Joke	Joker	Joking
Ivyl Buckman	Snoring	With Mary	With Martha
Opal Button	Combining golden tresses	Food	"I really must study"
Doris Dillon	Primping	Primping	Primping
Hazel Dillon	Building smoky fire	Home for lunch	Fire escaping
Bernice Eastman	"Oh, I'm tired"	Being teacher's pet	"Where is my boy to-night?"
Donald Eastman	Loveable Algebra	Adorable Algebra	Delightful Algebra
Thomas Fiske	Talking	Mumps	Still, in bed
Nellie Fox	Eating breakfast	Hitting the pike	Studying
Ruth Finley	Eating last night's candy	Still eating	"D'yuh love me?"
Alda Harkrader	Study	More study	Studying
Harold Coffin	Gazing	Still gazing	Star gazing
Ruth Celley	Dreaming	Bible class	Going to church
Dwaine Spillers	Originality	Spring something new	Retires
Forrest Mullins	Amo .. amas .. amat.	School days	"Looks like a big night"
Wesley Cronkwright	Hee! Haw! I want my oats.	Eat, eater, eatest	At the depot
Beatrice Harvey	Grape-nuts ready	Washing dishes	Preparing for "E's"
Elizabeth Storm	Rushing	Working	"Would if I could"
Timothy Hol	Ready for school	Ready for lunch	Ready for bed
Grace Claassen	Doing dishes	On time (?)	Air'ing the kids
Dwight Smith	"Ho-hum!"	"I'uh?"	Pounding the typewriter
Lloyd Conant	"Hee! Hee!"	"Haw! Haw!"	"Tee! Hee!"
Edith Steele	Helping mama	trolling	"I must comb my hair"
Hugh Van Meter	Giggling	In forbidden chairs	More giggling
Darrel Wright	Waking	"What yuh got for dinner?"	"Sitting in the moonlight"
Wilma Myers	"Hurry, Willie"	"Gee, I'm hungry"	At the depot
Louise Clark	Hitching old Dobbin	Getting tardy excuse	Going back home
Francis Bales	Please go 'way and let me sleep	Strolling towards school	Studying

Wright



Louise Clark
Ruth Celley
Hazel Dillon

Ruth Finley

Francis Bales

Bernice Eastman

Lloyd Conant

Harold Coffin

Elizabeth Storm

Forrest Mullins

Thomas Fiske

Opal Button

Hugh Van Meter

Beatrice Harvey

Dorris and Hazel Dillon

Wilma Myers

Dwight Smith

Darrel Wright

Wesley Cronkwright

Nellie Fox

Donald Eastman

Harry Brulport

The Juniors in Their Infancy

Class Prophecy

H

AVING received a word of encouragement and ten cents from Wesley Cronkwright, a wealthy banker of note in the financial world, I boarded a car and, arriving at my destination, applied for and received the commission of traveling advertising manager for the Yum-Yum Chewing Gum Company.

My first commission took me to Boston, where I was to try and induce the owner of a peanut wagon to add my chewing gum to his stock. My surprise can be imagined when I found the owner to be my old friend, Harold Coffin. I was glad to see Harold doing so well and I thought that now he could have all the peanuts that he desired to eat. Harold told me that Lloyd Conant was the manual training teacher in their largest school and we decided to visit him. We found him in the midst of his work trying to explain to several small boys how to make their tables look like the one he had so much trouble over.

While returning from our visit, we saw a medium-sized man running toward us at a great rate.

"Save me, Mr. Coffin, save me!" shouted the fellow.

"What from?" asked my friend.

"I'm a fugitive from the law, I'm a thief," excitedly exclaimed the man.

"What have you stolen?" questioned Harold.

"Thirty-five cents and a case of sardines," shouted the stranger in reply.

"Well, come around tomorrow and I'll see what can be done," responded Harold.

As the poor fellow turned to leave us I recognized him but did not speak, because I always knew him as a sensitive fellow. It was Dwaine Spillers.

Having a few spare hours, we decided to attend a circus that afternoon and some theater in the evening. During the performance of the circus, I thought that some of the actors looked familiar. Moving to a seat near the ring, I perceived that three of the famous "Ladies' Bare-Back Riding Quartet" were our highly esteemed friends, Ruth Finley, Doris Dillon and Ruth Celley. To my high astonishment, Mr. Coffin informed me that the popular young trapeze artist was our modest young friend of old—Alda Harkrader.

After the exhibition we moved on to the menagerie tent and there we saw Beatrice Harvey busily engaged at her trade of charming snakes. Upon seeing us she smiled with pleasure and invited us to come and see her docile pets, but we proclaimed our willingness to take her word for her docility and in a short time took ourselves off to supper. There we met our newest schoolmate, Wilma Myers, waiting on tables. She started to talk to us but the proprietor came along and she had to leave off in the middle of a very interesting story of her life.

After supper we decided to attend a picture show, with vaudeville, before the theater. Greatly to our relief, the pictures were soon over and the

vaudeville started. Our first surprise was in the form of Mutt and Jeff, whom, by their unique construction, we soon deciphered as Donald Eastman and Harry Brulport. Poor chaps, they received enough vegetables to start a market wagon. We left at once, not wishing to see the worst, and made our way to the theater. The play on was "Madame X" and was proclaimed the greatest hit of the season, with Bernice Eastman as the star and our two friends, Hazel Dillon and Grace Claassen in the front row of the chorus.

Later, at the cafe, I noticed the cabaret dancers smile at me in a familiar way. They seemed to know both Mr. Coffin and myself. Upon being informed that they were Edith Steele and Thomas Fiske, I lost all craving for food and sat, with opened mouth, to watch the graceful Thomas. It is surely wonderful what changes time can make.

After bidding Harold a fond farewell and wishing him a long life of mental and physical agony, I boarded a train for New York.

Arriving at New York, I made my way to a boarding house on Twenty-third street, as I intended staying here for some time. I received the shock of my life when at my elbow I heard someone say, "Why, Ivyl Buckman, where on earth did you come from?"

"This is certainly a pleasant surprise, Miss Fox, how are you?" was my reply.

"I'm well, thank you," she answered, "but Miss Fox no longer."

"Happily married, I suppose."

"Yes, I run a boarding house up the street aways. Come and walk up with me and I'll introduce you to my husband," from our friend Nellie.

"Agreed," I answered.

After a ten-minute walk we arrived before a neat, white-framed house, into which my companion led me. Standing in front of a large stove was a man of about thirty years, tall, slim and with a great abundance of dark hair hanging down over his shoulders. He was introduced as Mr. Wright, the greatest poet of the age, and I saw that he was none other than our school-mate of old, Dick. But I afterwards heard that there were only three poets on earth when Dick was the greatest.

After a very enjoyable chat of a half hour, we started for the business district to view a "Women's Suffrage Parade." At the head of the procession, with a cane in one hand and a pair of gloves in the other, and wearing a gentleman's cap, marched Elizabeth Storm; and following meekly at the heels of this noble personage, carrying a large-sized banner, inscribed upon which were the words, "A vote for Women Suffrage will knock the Graft out of the State Politics," was a man whom I easily recognized as Timothy Hol.

Mrs. Wright informed me that Forrest Mullins and Dwight Smith were staying at her boarding house, but she was sorry to say that Forrest was at the doctor's office at the present time. It happened in this way. Forrest, who is chief of the New York fire department, was standing in the street, giving orders, when a brick wall fell on him, severely scratching his face. It seems that Dwight, who was president of the Ash Wagon Association, was out of town attending a convention.

From New York I was to cross the ocean and work a while in London. While on the liner I picked up a trans-continental paper and saw the name of Francis R. Bales, the great scientific farmer, living in Dallas county, way back in Iowa. It seems that Mr. Bales, after seven long years of patient study, has discovered a sure cure for the hoof and mouth disease. We felt

sure that Fussy would become a prominent man in the world of science and we now wish him the best of luck, for he was a great student in old Adel High.

While in London I saw by the paper that Madame Opal Button was to sing at the Metropolitan opera house that evening, and so thought I would attend. I had been in my seat but a few moments when the curtain arose and there stood Opal, looking as happy and contented as of old. Her singing, which I fear to describe, was greeted with loud bursts of applause. I was at first astounded at the audience's poor taste for music but a look at the program explained this. It read,—“Annual Entertainment given for the Deaf and Dumb Inmates of the Clearfield Institution for the Helpless.”

I sailed for home the next day and after an uneventful voyage arrived in Adel. My first stop was at a barber shop. Here I was completely astonished to find Hugh Van Meter busily engaged in cutting a gentleman's hair. From him I learned that his wife and family were doing well and business was good.

And so in the course of a few short weeks I had learned of the fate of every member of the Junior class of Adel High and I am glad to say that some of them, if not most of them, did their old class real honor.

I.C.B.—'16



Handwritten signature in blue ink.



Home Economics Kitchen



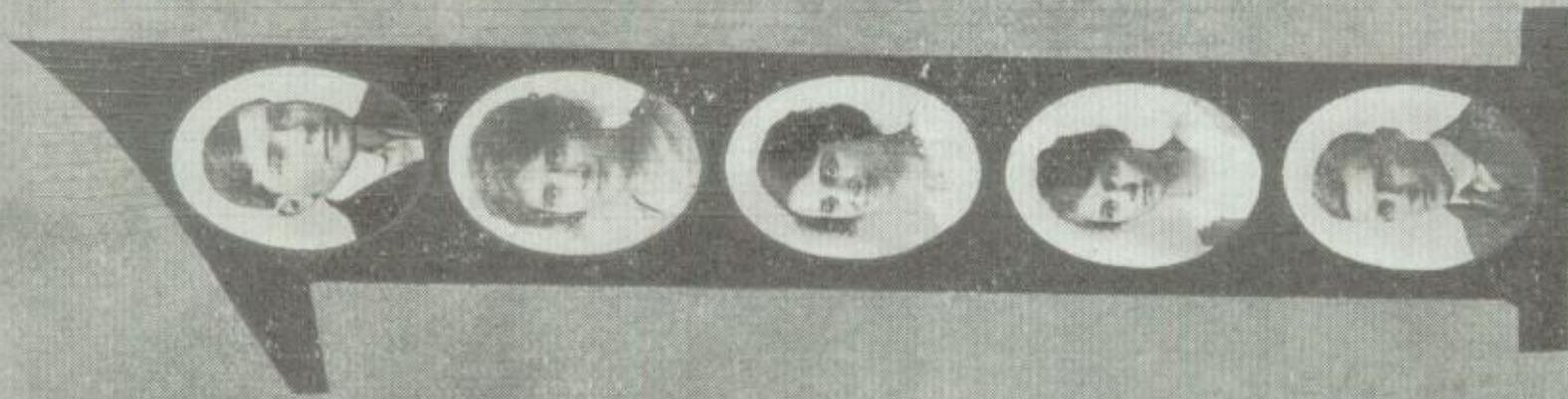
SENIOR

CLASS OFFICERS

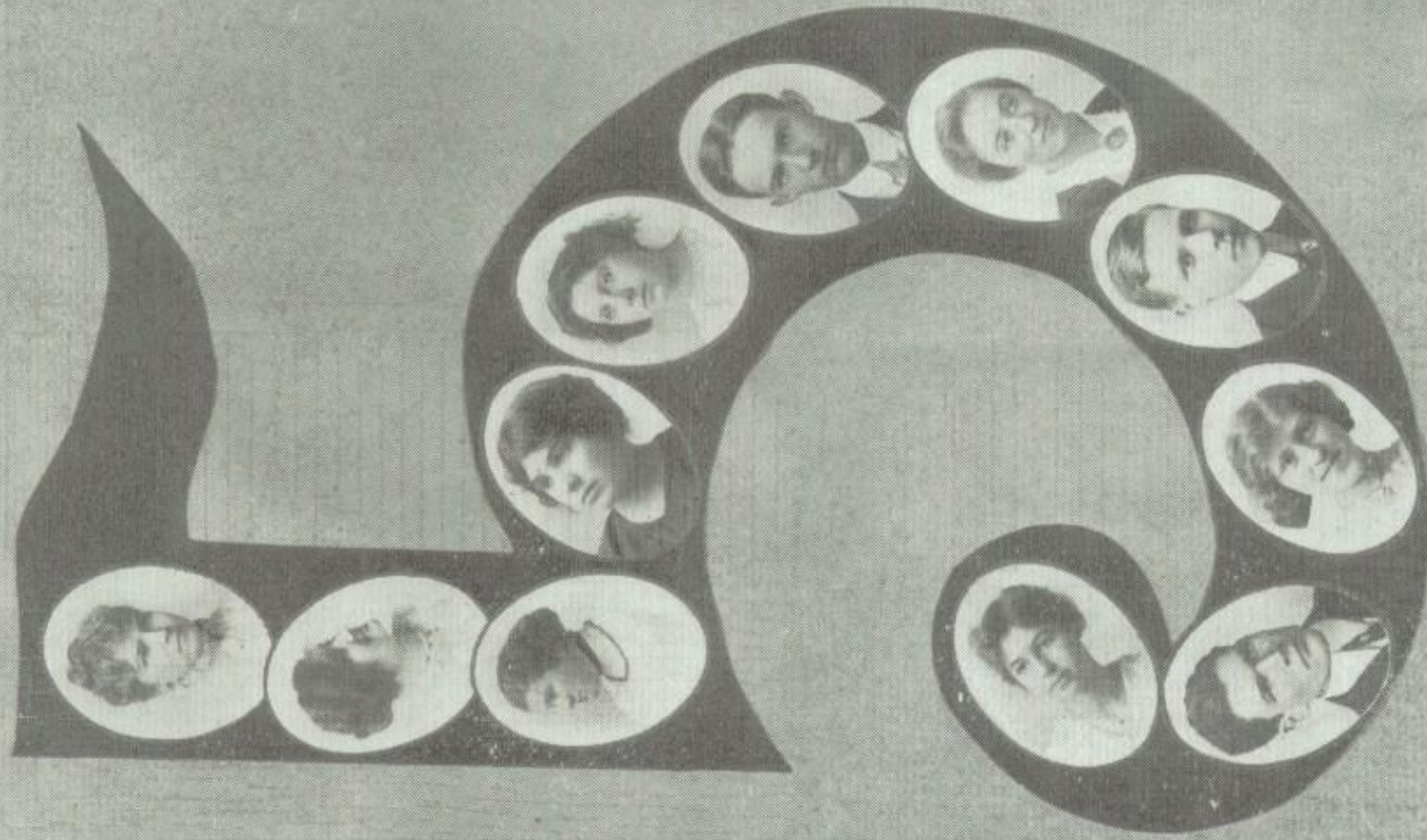
President	-	Golden Mitchell
Vice President		Marguerite Kinnick
Secretary	-	Marvel Wright
Treasurer	-	Sidney Couch



Mitchell

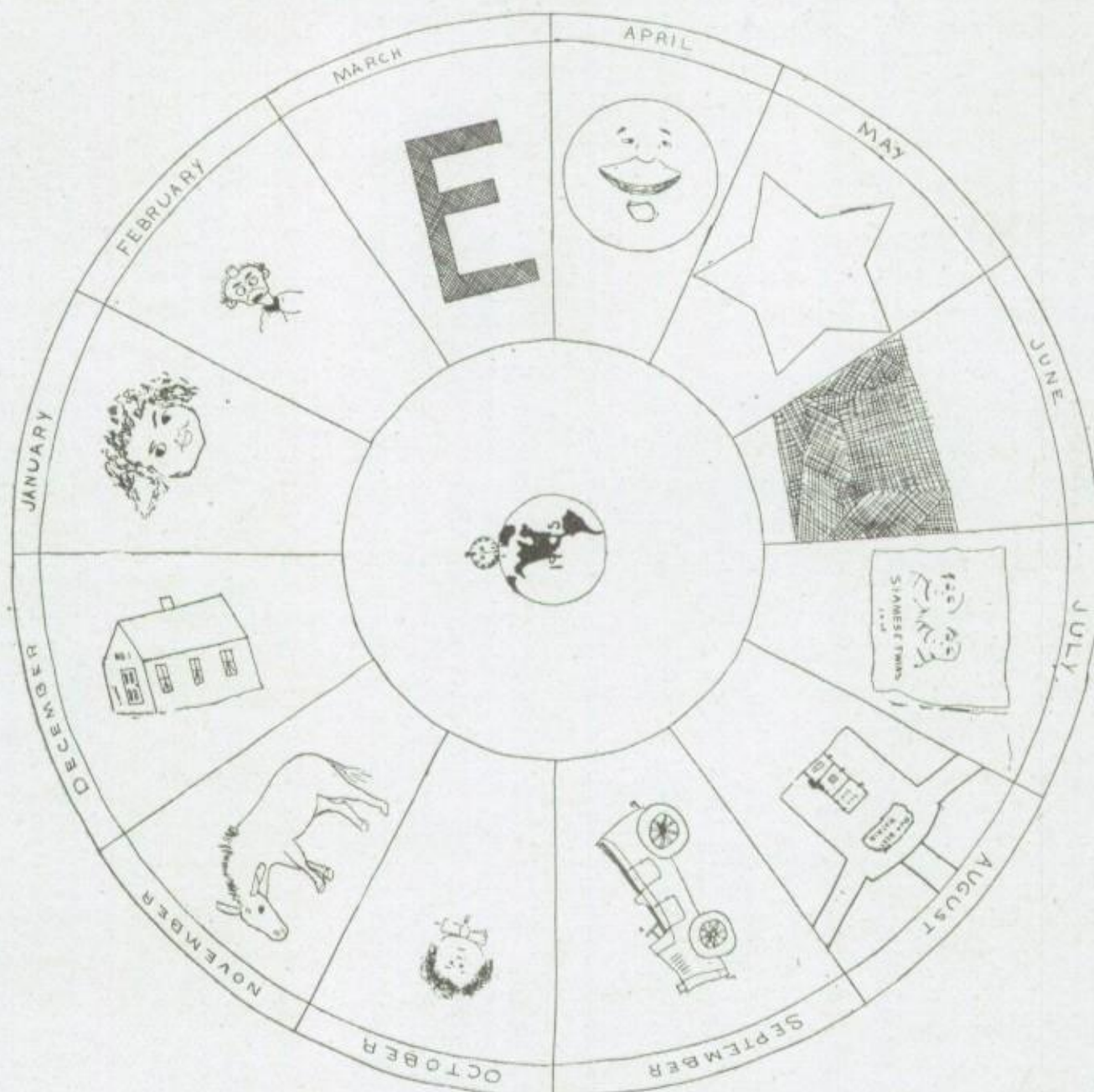


Couch
M. Clark
Chamberlin
Guthrie
L. Jolley



Kinnick
Neale
Oberwetter
M. Jolley
Hubbard
Fox
McCarthy
Wright
Murphy
Van Cleave
Ross

Senior Horoscope



LEWIS JOLLEY—Born under the sign of a Star. Your horoscope indicates that the Star of Knowledge is your highest ambition and ideals. As to fortune, it seems that you will continue your present mode of locomotion through life. There seems to be a tendency to let the world take care of you.

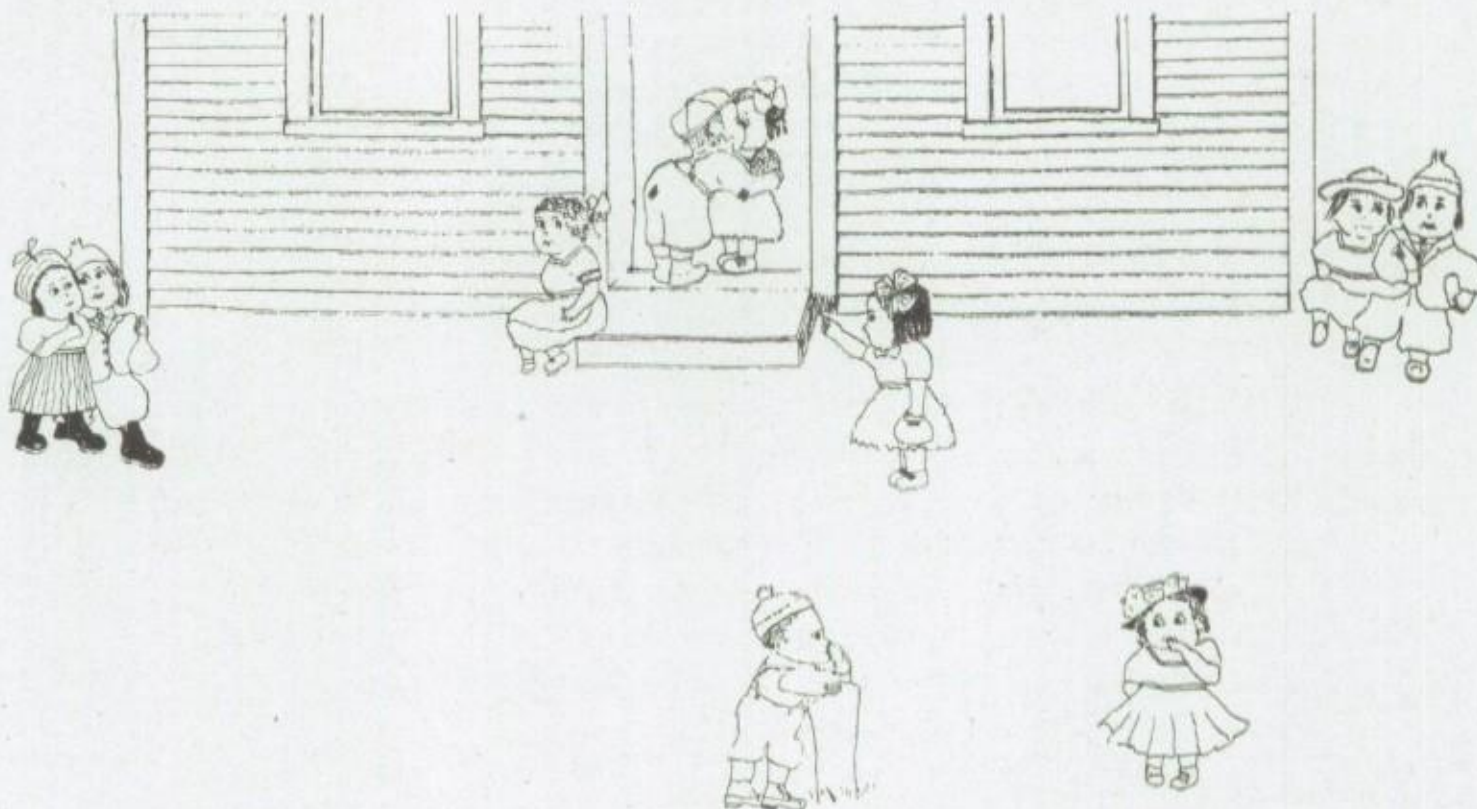
RUTH CHAMBERLAIN—This illustrious young lady was born under the sign of an "E," which indicates Excellent on report cards and Easy in everything else.

MARVEL WRIGHT—The Stars indicate a very brilliant future for you. Although you should always be watchful of easy things, your future seems rather mixed and strange.

SIDNEY COUCH—This interesting subject is cast by the horoscope as happy. This characteristic, however, is not shown so much by his horoscope as by his mouth. Never is a laugh so entertaining and such a "give away" to the owner. The future seems to be a yawning cavity wide and deep.

- ADA OVERWETTER—Born under the sign of a broad and pleasant smile, indicating a broad and happy nature. The Stars predict a long and happy life for both herself and those around her, unless she gets mad. The horoscope then reads BEWARE!
- MERRILL ROSS—Here is an ideal adherent of "Der Esel" and we cannot but rave over one so typical of her class. Although the strictly planetary influences refuse to show him a future, we haven't the slightest doubt but that he'll have one. His general makeup and style of hair cut seem to donate him as a likely candidate for the stage, probably in the role of a light-hearted lover to a dark-haired Juliet.
- MARY FRANCIS CLARK—Born under the sign of "Hot Air," yet if she will hearken to the advice of the stars and follow the wishes and instructions of the wise, she will be happy; unless she encounters a janitor, in which case the horoscope looks cloudy.
- MARGUERITE KINNICK—The stars show her to have a great love for children, especially of the stronger sex. Otherwise she is a perfectly normal (if slightly pugilistic in basketball) young lady. The stars give warning to her, however, on account of her fondness for boys, for in some cases kidnapping is a penitentiary offense.
- JEANETTE McCARTY AND MARY FOX—The horoscope gives you the little schoolhouse as a sign of knowledge, also it adds some pleasurable pursuits such as basket ball. Whether it also means that you will be old maids or that you will always handle the three "R's" and be addressed by the title, teacher, we cannot tell.
- GOLDEN MITCHELL—The horoscope gives you a bright and shining future. There is a small blur in it which we are unable to discover whether it is an aeroplane or a cloud in your future.
- MARIE JOLLEY—Your horoscope is of so peculiar a nature that we have been unable to find its like in any record since the beginning of the seventeenth century. The future, if any, is dark and of a very doubtful character.
- LOTTIE GUTHRIE—Your horoscope seems a trifle broad and far reaching, though at present you are too shy and bashful.
- VIOLA VAN CLEAVE AND IRA MURPHY—The future seems bright and shining with Viola Van Cleave and Ira Murphy eternally together both in fancy and in fact, however, more the former than the latter. The stars predict for them a fairy tale existence with "and they lived happily ever after" as a good beginning, verily I say unto you, "You can tell."
- EUGENE HUBBARD—The full moon is a sign of spooning according to the horoscope. This pictures a girl and Eugene, any girl and a full moon. Also, according to the stars, a long and sweet life promised for this individual.
- FLORENCE NEALE—Although born under the sign of an auto, her life was not influenced very greatly by it until about June, 1914, when she began to drive it herself and "Jimmy" Marsh threatened to arrest her for speeding. The stars predict, however, a long life and a happy one, if she gets a strong arm to guide her car for her.

A Few Great and Memorable Events

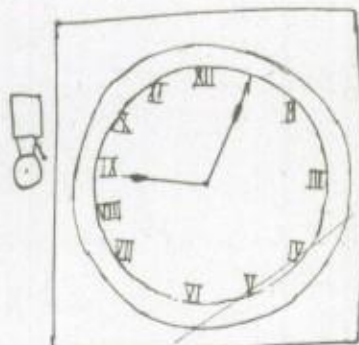


RENEWING OLD FRIENDSHIPS AT AHS OCTOBER 5 1914.

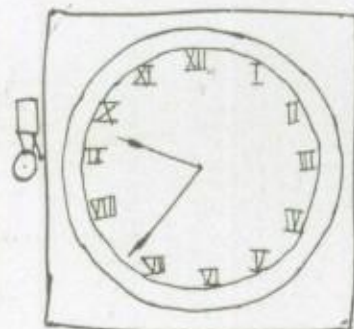
- Oct. 5—Meeting of old friends in new school building.
- Oct. 6—Getting settled. These seats are horrible.
- Oct. 7—Still settling.
- Oct. 8—No excitement.
- Oct. 9—We notice teachers' voices are weak trying to make the people in the back seats hear.
- Oct. 12—Junior class officers elected.
- Oct. 13—Music day. Prof. sings his inevitable song on H. S. parties.
- Oct. 14—Eugene's canine visitor. He escorts him downstairs.
- Oct. 15—One period lecture by Prof.
- Oct. 16—Yell meeting. We can make some noise.
- Oct. 17—Half-day vacation for Home Coming Festival.
- Oct. 20—Normal students hear their fate.
- Oct. 21—Miss Axten finds better climates for several.
- Oct. 24—Football. Dexter afraid of us.
- Oct. 26—Dick takes an afternoon nap.



LOWELL ARRIVES AND DEPARTS



MR. LINDEMAN LECTURES



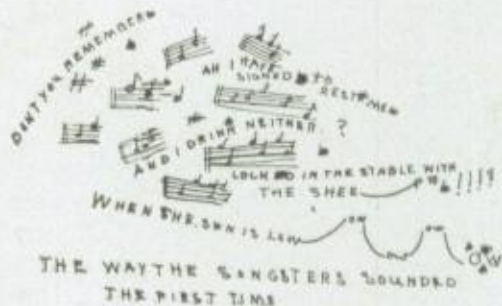
- Oct. 29—Prof. talks to Juniors about Annual. Shy on Fives.
 Oct. 31—H. S. masquerade, pumpkin pie and cider.
 Nov. 2—H. E. girls introduced to their new laboratory.
 Nov. 4—Florence N. falls out of her seat.
 Nov. 5—Creamed potatoes and electric shocks in H. E.
 Nov. 7—Football game with North High. Adel victorious.
 Nov. 9—Prof. tells teachers to forbid pupils speaking.
 Nov. 11—Lowell says "Goodbye" to school.
 Nov. 13—Football boys go to Colfax on morning train. Woe be unto them.
 Nov. 16—Lecture on girls and tobacco.
 Nov. 17—Armenian gives a lecture.
 Nov. 19—Report cards out. Such expressions!!!
 Nov. 20—Miss Axten captures Bess's notes.
 Nov. 21—First program of year. Lots of visitors.
 Nov. 23—Ivyl has a bad cold, so brings his spoon and cough syrup.
 Nov. 24—David spends music period on the road between office and the assembly.
 Nov. 25—Music class witness play, "Il Trovatore," with Mrs. Joy as star actress.
 Nov. 26—Vacation.
 Nov. 27—Continued.
 Nov. 30—Talk from short course people. A few attend the course.
 Dec. 1—Fred W. takes up portraiture in German I. and Miss Ady fails to find out the source of merriment.
 Dec. 2—Chorus sings at opera house. Have their pictures taken.
 Dec. 3—Muffins.
 Dec. 4—Quill program.
 Dec. 7—Prof. has trouble believing that $11 + 19 = 23$.
 Dec. 8—As usual, Miss Axten, "The following list of names has accumulated during the day. Will these people please meet me without fail in Room II?"
 Dec. 13—Forty degrees below zero. No fire.
 Dec. 14—Still nearly frozen.
 Dec. 17—Donald's seat collapses in Alg. class.
 Dec. 22—H. E. girls make Christmas candy.
 Dec. 24—Intersociety program with Christmas tree and Santa Claus.
 Jan. 4—Miss Axten requested to do away with 40-minute session.
 Jan. 5—Lowell spends a quiet hour in the office.
 Jan. 6—Jake quartette still bothered with headache.
 Jan. 7—"Boone" thinks Hugh will feel better outside the building at the noon hour.
 Jan. 8—Victrola concert. New mode of punishment for sinners.
 Jan. 9—Miss Ady springs *another* green dress.

HUGH HASAN ARGUMENT



DALLAS		COUNTY	
DALLAS	SPRING VALLEY	DEAVER	DESMOINES
LINCOLN	WASHINGTON	SUGAR GROVE	GRANT
LINN	COFAK	ADEL	WALNUT
UNION	ADAMS	VANMETE	BOONE

THE FELLOW ON THE END SOMETE BE
IN PAIR OF HICKING SOME CRELOUP
THE ARGUMENT ENDS

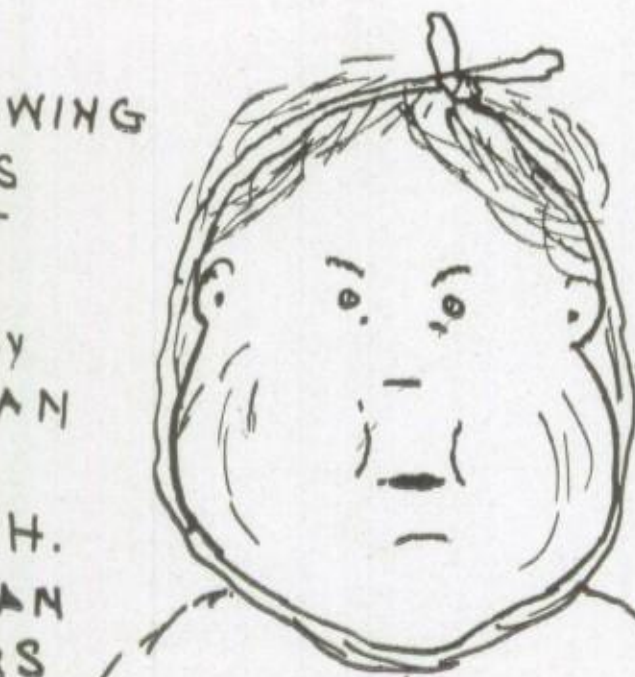


- Jan. 11—Loyd and Harry display new brand of powder—Gold Medal!!!
- Jan. 14—Ruth's green dress and Forrest's purple sweater harmonize (?) beautifully in Eng. XI.
- Jan. 15—Dick loses his footing on way to Eng. class.
- Jan. 18—Miss Axten finds an egg on her desk. Miss Newcomb rescues it for H. E. C.
- Jan. 21—Lyric club party at Beatrice Miller's.
- Jan. 22—Sidney falls into waste basket during Adelphic meeting.
- Jan. 25—Gospel team visits H. S. Two Bible classes organized.
- Jan. 26—Prof goes away. See how good (?) everyone is.
- Jan. 27—We are unable to tell Opal from Martha.
- Jan. 30—First basket ball game.
- Feb. 2—Merril's daily song continues "Ou du liber Madchen."
- Feb. 3—Normal Training exams.
- Feb. 8—Fred Weidner illustrates, "fallen, fell, gefallen," in German I.
- Feb. 9 to 12—Semester exams.
- Feb. 15—Miss Axten springs a new pair of shoes.
- Feb. 16—Hair dressing during music period.
- Feb. 17—Last call for Junior baby pictures. "If you don't have one of yourself, bring your brother's."
- Feb. 18—Seniors go to Des Moines. Stewed prunes and fruit cocktail.
- Feb. 22—Lecture by Prof. Crowley, of Ames. Ag. and H. E. classes visit dairy car.
- Feb. 23—Union meeting of Bible classes.
- Feb. 24—More prunes.
- Feb. 25—Ruth and Merrill run foot race in hall. Says Ruth, "I'm sorry."
- Feb. 26—Quill program—Meister Singers. First debate this year.
- March 4—Did the boys steal their sister's perfume?

MUMPS IN STYLE

THOSE SHOWING STYLES

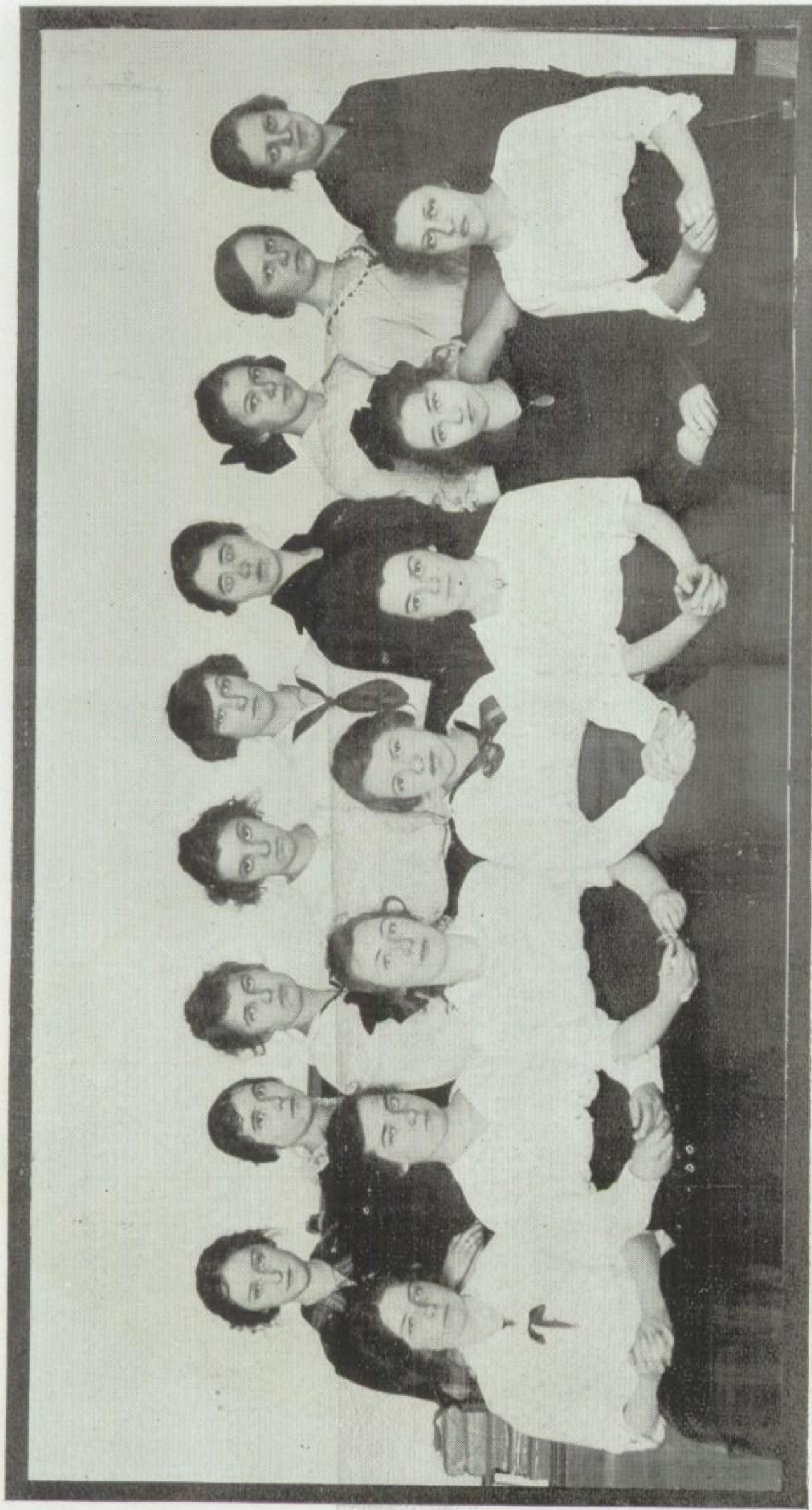
B. MILLER
RUTH KELLEY
B. EASTMAN
WESLEY E.
TIMOTHY H.
D. EASTMAN
D. SPILLERS
L. CLARKE
M. KINNICK
B. BACKMAN
V. SWEeley
V. McGRIEF
M. LINDEMAN
I. BLACK
M. F. CLARK



D. H. CRENSHAW
F. BALES
GEORGIA CLARKE
M. JOLLEY
G. MITCHELL
F. MULLINS
H. ROFFIN
T. FISKE
L. CONANT
E. STEELE
M. MILLER
E. RAYMOND
Z. SPILLERS
V. HOUSER
R. CHAMBERLAIN
M. HUSTON
H. FIDLER



Music



Lindeman	Myers	Harmon	Raymond	Mallory	Warren (Director)	Fiske	James	L. Reeves
Storm	M. Button	B. Miller	D. Dillon	Finley	Spillers	Ulery		

The Lyric Club

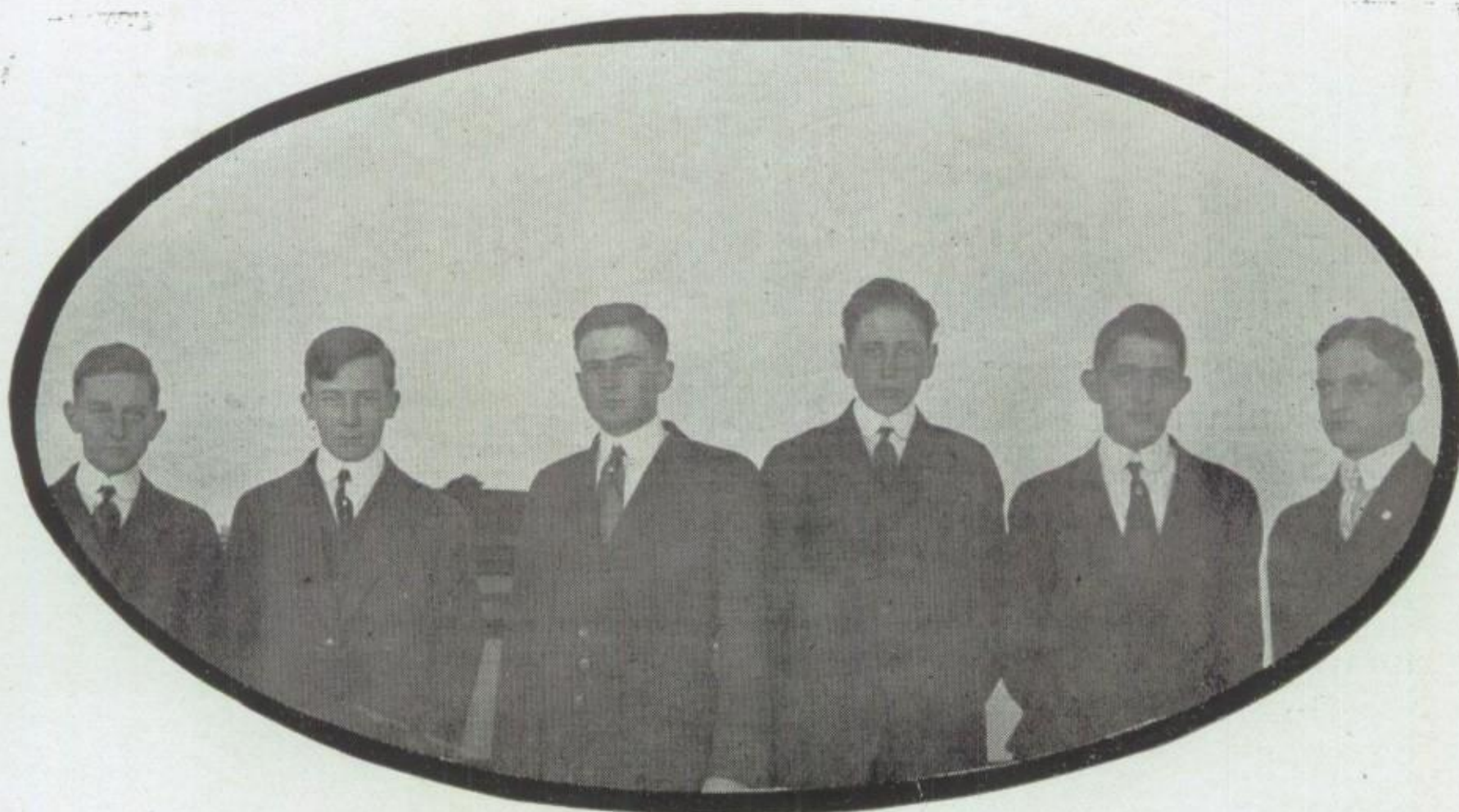


Brulport

Storm

Chance

The Jay Trio



Conant

Buckman

Mitchell

Eastman

Bales

H. Fidler

Philharmonic Sextette

A. H. S. Acrostic.

Button
dOris
hOl
Spillers
sTorm
mitchEll
claRk
mullinS

Lloyd
cOnant
huBbard
crenShaw
smiTh
wEidner
wRight
roSs

mullinS
brulPort
jOlley
hubbaRd
van meTer
ross

o Button
cLaassen
mUrphy
Fiske
cofFin
cElley
haRmon
eaStman

marGuerite
Rodolph
blAck
Fidler
buTton
van mEter
muRphy
Smith

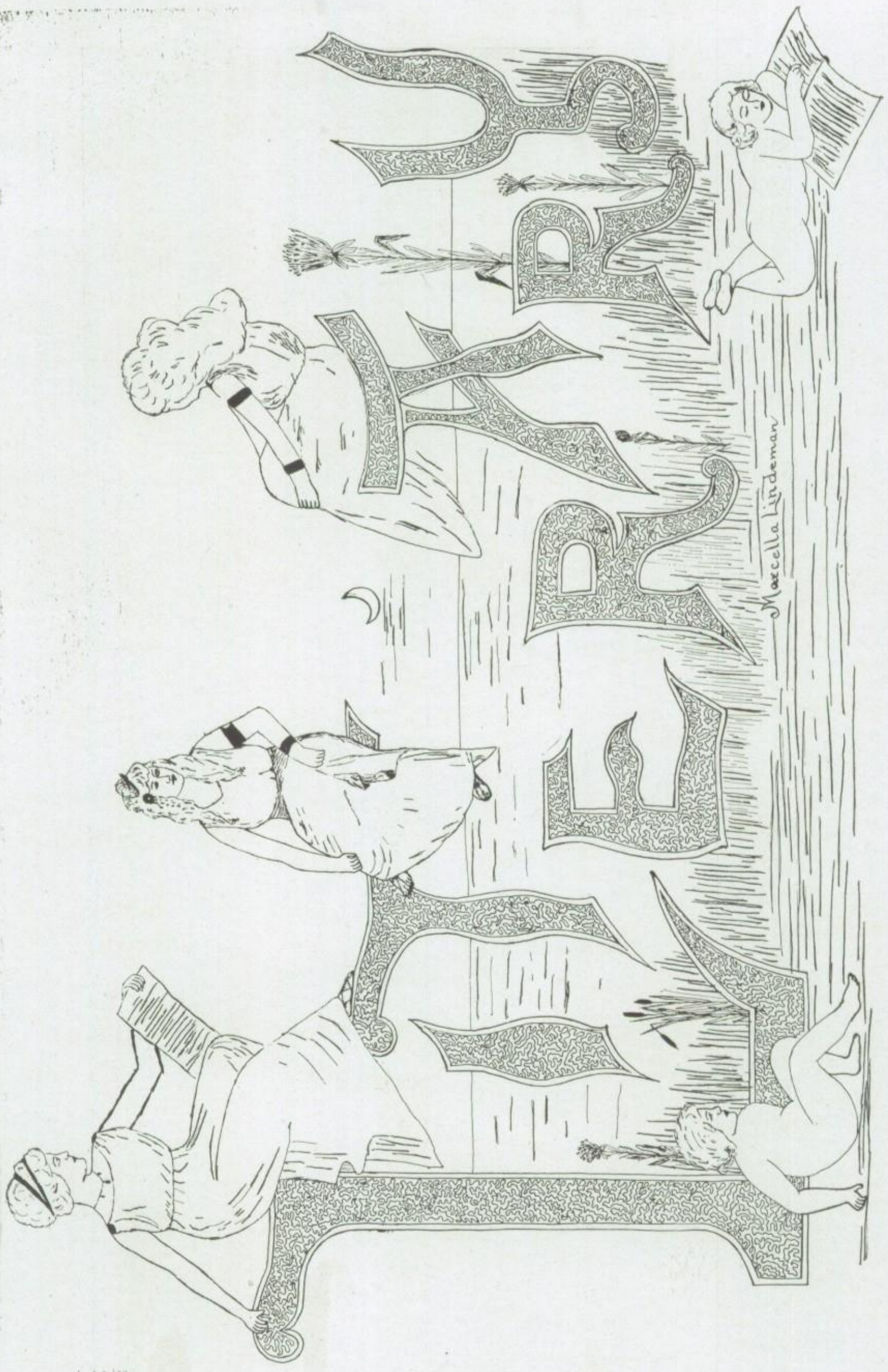
Jolley
cOnant
Kinnick
swEeley
milleR
Smith

wrigHt
brUlport
Spillers
miTchell
chamberLain
millEr
cRonkwright
mullinS

De reus
cOffin
weidNer
fisKe
crEnshaw
jolleY
eaStman

Bernice
Ulery
houSer
harveY
Bales
van fOssen
De reus
valentIne
harkradEr
Spillers

Chance
manLey
cOuch
Weidner
youNg
ross



Marcella Lindeman



H. Dillon	E. Hubbard	Harmon	L. Button	Hol	Ross	Van Meter	W. Miller	J. Fidler	Long	Fiske
Myers	Guthrie		Beach			A. Anderson	M. Oberwetter			
G. Reeves	Van Cleave	Eastman	Chamberlin	Lindeman	Spillers	Storm	Barngrover	Hol	Spillers	James
Fiske	Coffin	Weidner	Valentine	Sweeley	McGriff	Long	Young			

Adelphic Literary Society

Officers First Semester.

President Marvel Wright
Vice President Mary Fox
Secretary Forrest Mullins

Officers Second Semester.

President Jeannette McCarty
Vice President Marie Jolley
Secretary Lowell Smith



Bachman	Claassen	Finley	Cronkwright	Huston	Crenshaw	Bales	Harvey	McWhinney	Mallory	Chance	Ulery	Raymond
L. Clark	Murphy	McCarty	Black	M. Miller	M. Miller	B. Miller	H. Fidler	Knoll				
Harkrader	Steele	G. Clark	M. Fox	Kinnick	Jolley	M. Clark	Cooke	Mae Huston				
		D. Dillon		Wright			VanFossen					
	D. Hubbard	Wright	Mullins	Brulport	Yeager	Storm	L. Smith	Conant				

Quill Literary Society

Officers First Semester.

President Sidney Couch
Vice President Golden Mitchell
Secretary Cleta Harmon

Officers Second Semester.

President Dwaine Spillers
Vice President Ruth Chamberlin
Secretary Leone Barngrover

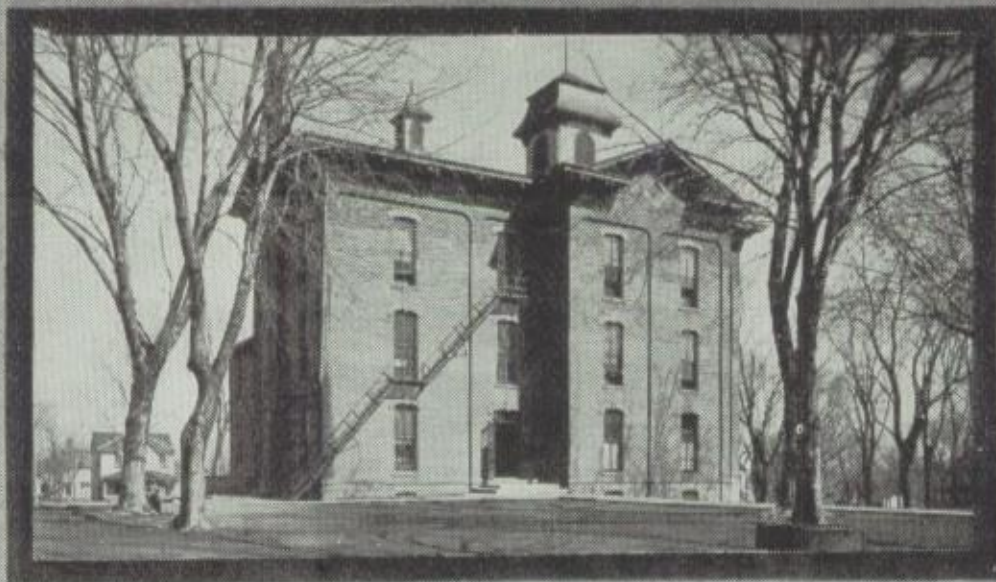
Tee, Hee! Tee, Hah! Tee, Ho! De Soto!

Away we went in our coach and four,
 (Four mules, and a bob that held twenty or more).
Over fences we rode, deep down in the drift
 Till our poor southern coach really felt very muffed.
"Look, there!" "Oh, stop!" "We surely shall spill!"
 And then, I declare, our driver we'll kill.
At last with a yell and many a shout,
 We reached old De Sot' at the end of our bout.
Then here's to De Soto and here's to Adel!!!
 The village was filled with yell after yell.
Then to the gymn (?) we went with great laughter
 And found that the game would follow soon after.
Called our merry, true captain so neat and trim,
 "Play a strong, clean game, girls, and we cannot but win."
The referee's whistle and the ball is tossed,
 De Soto strikes high, shall we say, "All is lost?"
Look! Look! Mildred has it, to her forward throws high,
 "Catch it, Marguerite!" we yell as the ball whizzes by.
To our captain she throws it—De Soto jumps high,
 But the ball went higher—hear that faint cry?
"Will our captain catch it? Who dares ask it?"
 A shout for Adel, Mary's made the first basket!!!
And so, thru the game the ball went the rounds,
 What wonder. De Soto, that we should wear crowns?
With Nellie so little, so quick and so spry,
 And Mildred on watch, the ball couldn't pass by,
De Soto played well, long-winded and hard,
 But Adel—it was plain—held the one winning card.
Thus the game was won, every player played true,
 But to Mary, "Our Captain"—Here's three cheers for you!!!

H. R. C. '16

One day we made some candy,
 'Twas very sweet indeed.
We gave to our dear schoolmates
 A grand and glorious feed.
The Prof. he bought a *boxful*?
 And we the box did fill,
But those who came and took it
 I know he'd like to kill.
"She" makes us march up one stair,
 The other "He" makes the boys take,
But they can yell across to us,
 "That was one wondrous cake."
So we feed the "Labor" boys
 And feed their teacher, too.
They say they'll make us footstools,
 We really hope they do.

R. C. '16



Gone But Not Forgotten



CHUMS



LOVERS STILL



Behind a Storm



BUMS



WAITING FOR THE
GONG.



RUSHING
THE CAN



BESS



A PERFECT DAY



Knights
of the
Road



RED RIDING HOOD



Tommy



AFFECTION



The Bill Board

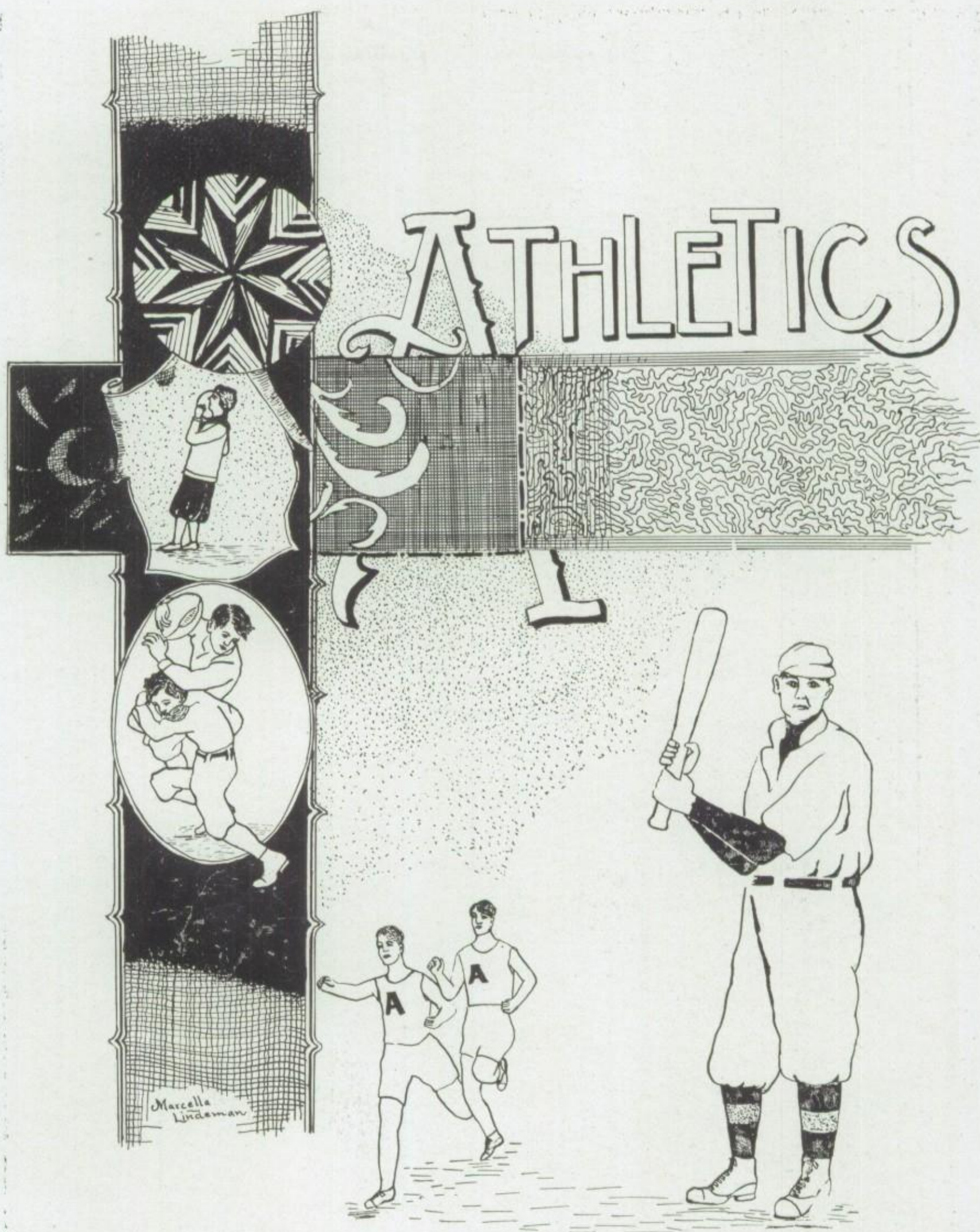
THE FINGER OF SCORN

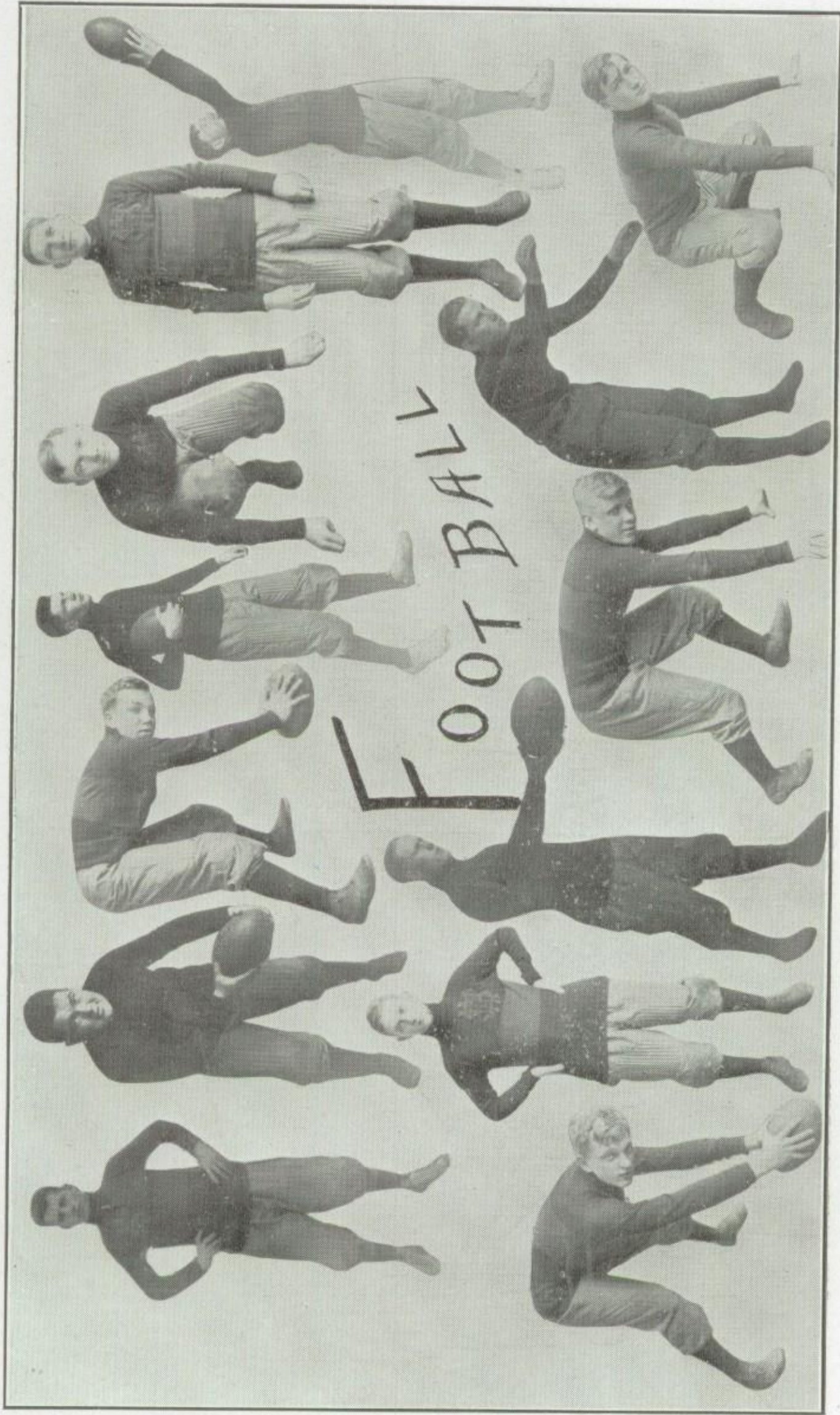


"When the Paddlers
in the Shook"



COOKIE COOKS





Mullins	Chance	Storm	E. Hubbard	Button	D. Hubbard	Crenshaw
H Fidler	Conant	Wright	Coffin	Cronkwright		Hol
Absent—Smith and Jolley.						

Foot Ball



THE delay in starting school, caused by the building of the new schoolhouse, hindered greatly the football work and the team had practiced only about two weeks before the opening game, which was played at Adel against Earlham Academy October 17. Coach Fowler, however, had given the boys some good training and they gave their opponents a hard battle. Earlham had an exceedingly even and well-matched team and had been practicing for some time, but Adel held them to a score of 6 to 0.

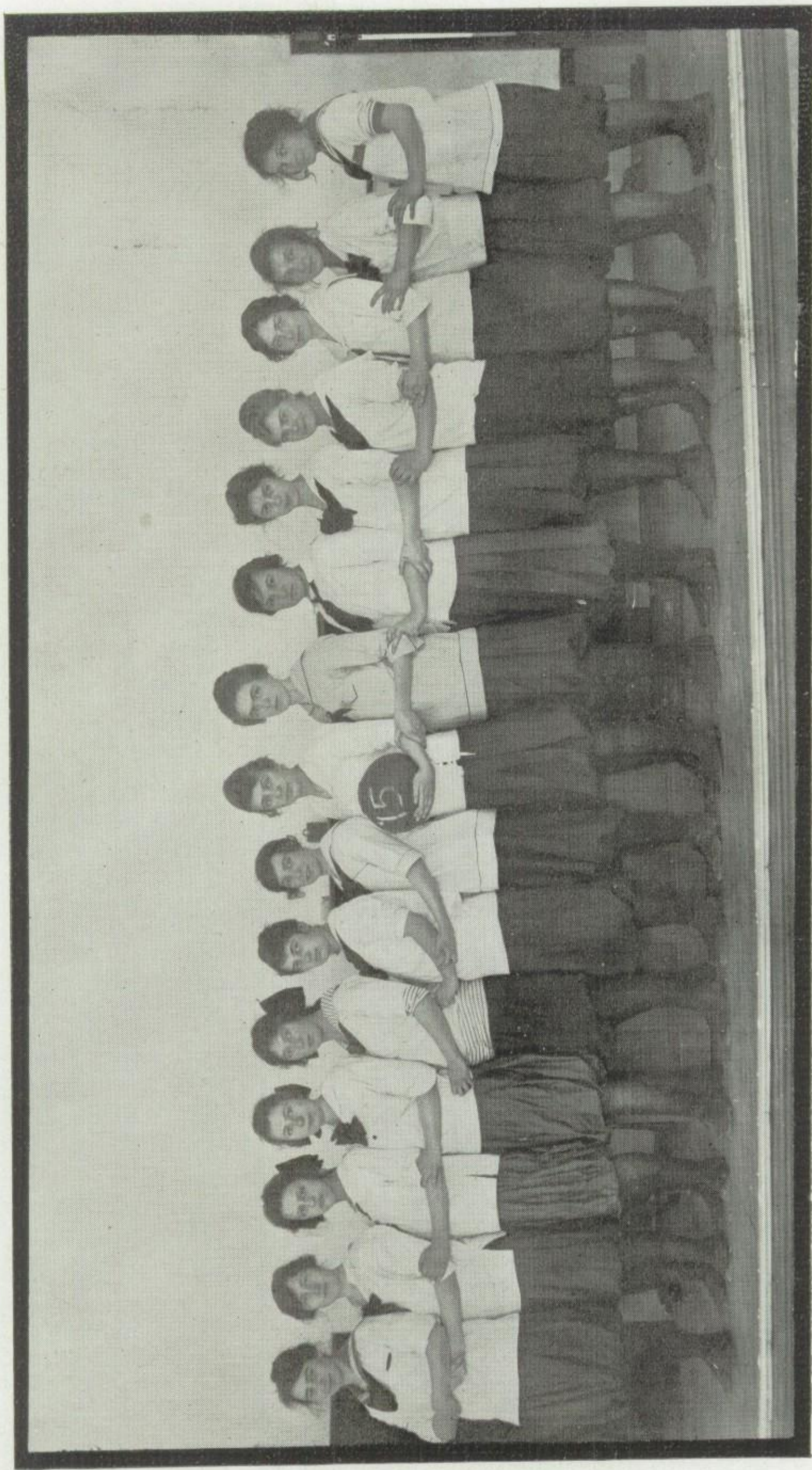
The next game was with the High School Alumni October 21. Our boys fought hard but it was evident that the alumni had not forgotten any of their old tricks and used them to good advantage. The score was 6 to 7 in favor of the alumni.

October 28 we contested Panora on their ground. The weight of their team combined with their excellent playing made it easy to defeat us by the score of 34 to 0.

The following Thursday we defeated the North High second team, of Des Moines, by a score of 8 to 6. This was Adel's only victory during the season.

On November 13 our team went to Colfax. Our opponents had an exceptionally heavy and fast team and their plays were well worked out. Our team held on doggedly, but against great odds. Mullins, one of our best players, was laid out with a broken shoulder, so at closing Colfax won not less than 19 points to our 7.

The final game of the season was played on Thanksgiving day at Jefferson. Here again we suffered defeat, 24 to 0. The misfortunes of the season, however, have not dimmed our hopes and we are already looking forward to next year's victories. But two of our team, Hubbard, our former captain, and Jolley, will be absent through graduation, and with practice starting much earlier we have good prospects for a winning team.



Eastman Wright Ulery B. Miller G. Clark Harmon Beach Celley Barngrover M. Miller Jolley Kinnick Storm N. Fox M. Fox

Girls' Basketball Team



J. Fidler Fiske Mitchell Cronkwright Fowler (coach) Valentine
 Wright Button
 Smith Mullins D. Hubbard Storm

Basket Ball



EARLY in January our gymnasium was completed and practice in basket ball started in earnest. January 29 the two girls' teams played, the Black Stockings winning from the Whites by a score of 18 to 4.

On February 5 our boys played, with Redfield, their first game. They were defeated by a score of 43 to 7, but they received some valuable pointers which benefited them in later games.

Two weeks later, February 19, the De Soto boys' and girls' teams came over and there ensued an exciting and hard-fought game. De Soto played hard and well but our team overpowered them and we were victorious by a score of 18 to 9. Our girls also played an exciting game and tri-

umphed over the visitors, 15 to 9. Mary Fox and Marguerite Kinnick made excellent baskets.

February 26 the high school team contested the town team and won by a score of 19 to 1. The older boys fought hard but it was evident that practice would have helped out. The two girls' teams played the curtain raiser, the first team defeating the second.

March 5 our team played a return game at De Soto, the first game away from home. The girls won by a score of 26 to 15, but the boys were defeated by a score of 23 to 21.

On March 19 took place two of the most exciting games of the season, those with Minburn's teams. Their team was noted for its ability but our boys put up a brave fight. Storm made a number of free throws and Wright threw some excellent field baskets, but Adel lacked team work so Minburn won 33 to 13. Our girls were rather confused in the first half by the use of side centers and made little progress. These side centers were dispensed with in the second half, so our girls raised their points till time was called and the score was 8 to 9 in favor of Minburn. Mildred Beache's skilful guarding kept Minburn from making many baskets.

The season closed March 26 with games with Linden. Our boys won by a score of 19 to 16 and our girls by a score of 13 to 6. Our season was short, owing to the unfavorable conditions for laying the floor in our gymnasium, but we have a good start and next year hope to have two winning teams.

Hero Stuff.

Frosty has a broken arm,
Ike, a fractured thigh,
Dave's ankles are all out of true
And Dick has lost an eye.
They're no good to their dear old Dad,
But they're heroes just the same.
They worked right on, thru good and bad.
And this is how they won such fame.

Bill's head bears a two-inch dent,
Chance's ribs are smashed;
Hub's spinal column is badly bent
And Racky's back is gashed.
Not one is able to earn his keep,
And often with pain they sigh,
But think of the glory they live to reap
In the name of old Adel High.

Hol lost an arm at the elbow,
Coffin has a broken nose,
Button's head show effects of an awful blow,
Also Young lost a finger or so.
But we're for these youths with the flashing eye,
And the foretelling jaw,
Who swear they are loyal to Adel High
And would die for the dear old town—Rah! Rah!

F. K. M. '16

Geometry Problem.

Theorem—Prove that what $E. H. : C. H. >$ what $P. M. : R. F.$

Proof—

1. What $E. H. : C. H.$ is not less than what $P. M. : R. F.$
(From daily observations.)
2. What $P. M. : R. F.$ is not equal to what $E. H. : C. H.$
(From evening observations.)
3. Therefore, what $E. H. : C. H. >$ what $P. M. : R. F.$
Q. E. D.

"For the Old Order Changeth, Yielding Place to New."

— "Idylls of the King," Tennyson.

I

It was during the spring of 1914 that it was decided by the taxpayers of Adel that we should have a new school building. Work was begun in the cellar and part of the walls raised before the spring term was finished.

Only a short time after the new building had been given into the hands of the contractors, the old one was consigned to the hands of the destroyers. Day after day bricks fell from the walls; partitions were torn out, and floors of the old landmark were destroyed.

One night when the moon was in full I passed by it and was astonished to behold the ruin wrought. The moonlight fell upon a roofless and jagged building, whose windowpanes from top to bottom were torn out, and around whose base lay confused, rugged heaps of stone and brick. The clear, mellow light lit up the bare stairway, which formerly led to the second story in the interior of the building, but just now spanned the space between the isolated, and as yet undestroyed, north wing and the older part of the structure. Light streamed through the paneless windows of the old assembly on the third floor, while a prophetic silence seemed to brood over all.

My heart was burdened with sadness and sympathy for the old building which was now falling at the ruthless hands of the despoilers. Did they only think of the money to be derived from their work, or did pictures sometimes arise in their vision of all the old school had been and of the memories that clustered about it? Could they picture it in its youth, the pride and admiration of its builders; the ambition of its tenants; and did they get an inkling of the hopes or ideals that may have been inspired or realized within its walls?

In removing some scarred and initialed seat could they hear in imagination the voice of a chiding teacher or the whispered approval of another pupil, because of the marring of the furniture? Was it possible for them to see in imagination a little child starting in the lowest grade; slowly but surely making his way up the ladder of fortune, round by round, till he reached the top? Were the joys and sorrows encountered by the persevering ones again worked out; love for old teachers and companions recalled; sorrow for the loss of this or that one remembered? Did no visions of former classes or societies arise to recall long-forgotten lessons or program days?

Instead of all these did only the bare, expressionless walls confront them with no tale of former grandeur or memories of bygone years; was only the piece of work the occupant of their minds? Perhaps; who can say otherwise?

Those floors will echo no more to tread of feet nor the walls throw back the sound of familiar voices. The building has now for long months been in ruin. The grounds are cleared and lie level and black in their newness, while just beyond the site of the older seat of learning stands a newer one, a more modern edifice; more spacious and pretentious, which may, with the succeeding years, encase its own cherished thoughts; but they can never be the ones of the other building, for they live only in the hearts of the alumni and other members who have gone out from its doors forever, never to return except in thought.

M. A. F. '15

Some Facts in Modern History

(With apologies to Mrs. Joy)

T

HE BOY, with brow wrinkled in deep thought, turned the pages of his Modern History. At last he found the lesson assigned for that day, from page 351 to 362 (The Elizabethan Period). The worried look changed to one of black despair. The picture of the illustrious Queen Elizabeth in all her ruffles and jewels faced him with the invariable blank expression of all the old-time portraits of great people. Elusive dates and facts about her reign strayed over some ten pages of the book before him.

"Then slowly The Boy closed his eyes. Lo, every feature of Queen Elizabeth's life and reign stood out clear before him in the following manner:

"Elizabeth lived in the twentieth century in Adel High. In her school days she was a member of the Girl's Bible Class, but when she ascended the throne at the age of twenty-five, all the goodness that had filtered through her brain at the prayer meetings only helped her to be treacherous, unscrupulous and ungrateful during her reign.

"Her father, Henry VIII., was a *Jolley* good husband to at least six wives; the last one, Catherine, being discreet enough to outlive him.

"Elizabeth's reign was the *Golden* reign of modern history. What she didn't gain by one method, she did by another, for, unlike the usual weapons of womankind, hatpins and tears, she used deception and falsehood. This made people call her "Good Queen Bess."

"Queen Elizabeth never married, but it wasn't her fault, for, even though she did say she was married to England and wanted no other husband, she herself knew that it was only another lie.

"The worst case she ever had was on Raleigh, one of her courtiers, who was born in *Van Meter*, a city at the far border of her possessions. His father was a poor *Black-Smith*, so the boy was put out to work when very *Young*. When he was only fifteen he went to the Queen to get work, for he thought her palace would be a mighty fine and easy place to live.

"She gave him a job as *Chamberlain*, but later when she noticed what a cunning way he had of smiling, she promoted him to the position of courtier. Then he *Longed* to go out and explore; so, as Elizabeth was very much taken up with him, she gave him a fleet of ships.

"He was gone a long time, so Elizabeth's heart told her, then one day great rejoicing filled the court. Raleigh had returned.

"Finally, because he insisted so, he was shown into the Queen's morning room, where "Good Bess" sat on a beautiful green velvet *Couch*, sunning herself at an east window. All her jewels and makeups were on a nearby table. Raleigh was sorry at first that he had insisted on being brought at once to her, then grinned softly to himself so that she didn't notice it.

"He almost forgot to *Neale* at her feet while he told of his adventures across to the continent. He pulled out some *Mullin* leaves, *Timothy* hay and glass *Opal* s from the only two pockets his courtier suit afforded. The stones were probably used by some ancient Indian Queen as *Button* s for her

Sunday *Fox-skin* dress. This wonderful land of great *Coffins* full of riches lay *Wright* across the waters due west of Elizabeth's domain.

"Needless to say, she was very pleased at his find and thinking she would be extra good to him and gain what she wanted herself, she laid her hands on his head and said, 'You justly deserve the greatest reward I can give you; so here is my hand.'

"Raleigh sprang to his feet. Certainly he wasn't going to be led into a thing like that. 'No, anything else, but not that, thanks,' and backed out into the marble-pillared *Hol* and rushed away.

"Soon there was a *Storm* in the royal household and Raleigh was banished. Queen Elizabeth, endeavoring to forget her hopeless love, crowded her court with a *Gross* of *Merrymen* and *Fidlers* who thought up *Bales* of fun to make their Queen laugh, but she never did. It never shortened her life though, for she lived till she was eighty years old."

* * * *

The Boy, who had extended his nap into the second recitation period, straightened up, loaned his knife to the girl across the aisle, picked up his English grammar and went to agriculture class, muttering, "Gee, wouldn't that have made a swell movie show!"



"Nec Tacui Demens."

Why did I not keep silent?

Why, oh, why?

When Miss Axten, in a clear, calm voice,

Read the list that makes some rejoice,

While I, filled with awe and dread,

Go to Room Two, hanging my head.

Why did I not keep silent?

I wonder why.

Why did I not keep silent?

Why, oh, why?

When going slowly homeward, forty minutes late,

I stop and ponder, pausing at the gate.

Trying to think of some excuse

That will be of any use

When mother asks we "Why?"

I wonder why.

Why did I not keep silent?

BEATRICE HARVEY, '16.

High School Masquerade

October 30, 1914

H

Up the stairs and into the hall came a weird combination of characters—two little Indian girls, arm in arm, followed by a gaily-dressed Spanish couple led the way, with several old ladies hobbling slowly after them and good-natured clowns danced in and out.

They turned into the Assembly Room, but even that was masked and disguised beyond recognition. The room, dimly lighted by grinning Jack-o-lanterns and Japanese lanterns, had an almost uncanny effect. In one corner a group of ghosts were gliding slowly about, while clowns hopped around, peering into everyone's face, and a big "snake" threatened to send a Sweet Girl Graduate into hysterics.

Soon the room was filled and two nice little country "boys" gallantly escorted the wall flowers around the room. A little girl went to the piano and started a popular ragtime while everyone else seized a partner and commenced hopping and jumping. (I suppose they called it tangoing or turkey-trotting.) A clown took for his partner an old woman; ghosts and negroes; witches and gypsies, coupled off and were whirling and bobbing around, trying to dodge other couples, similarly engaged, while the Goddess of Liberty looked calmly on.

Presently an old witch went to the piano and struck up a lively march, while the motly crowd paired off and paraded twice around the room before judges. A prize was given to two little pigmies for having the best costumes. Much surprise was felt when the pigmies proved to be two "dignified" Senior girls.

The usual exclamations of surprise were heard as the general unmasking proceeded. Many of the ladies, young and old, happened to be boys; and two "model" young men were girls. Two of the teachers made fine Indian girls and the Sophomore girls seemed to be fond of "Little Red Riding Hood."

After some of the confusion was stopped, games were started. Indians and Jews promenaded to the classical tune of "Pig in the Parlor," and a few couples vainly tried to keep the "Virginia Reel" going. After these games died out, a large ring was formed for "Drop the handkerchief" (which proved to be a red bandana) and the attempt of a fat clown to catch a *light-haired* gypsy girl was only one of the funny sights.

Tiring of these games, the boys and girls were given parts of black paper cats, witches and bats to match for supper partners. Some pieces refused to match so the owners did their best to find partners and all were served to a sumptuous repast of pumpkin pie, popcorn balls, doughnuts, apples and cider, which last, however, was rather vinegary as to taste.

At eleven o'clock, after everyone had eaten too much for comfort, the party broke up and the masqueraders went straggling home.

B. H. '16



A Marvel



Step Sisters



Just & Mett



Wordly a Pose



Vacation



Kids



Dinner Time



Toddlerz



The Village Queen



The Home Stretch



IKs



Picnickers

The Inevitable Ending

MARJORIE OSBORN looked from the office window down on the surging mass of people four stories below. It was spring and everybody seemed to be full of new life and vigor. Most of the women were looking at the gorgeous array of new hats in the windows or glancing sideways at the glass fronts to see how their own looked. But Marjorie's thoughts were neither with hats nor women. Her thoughts, rather, were completely and wholly with a group of children she had seen that morning. Barefooted and happy, they were as carefree as the birds and squirrels around them. As she remembered their joyful cries, she wondered if it were possible, if only for a little time, to go back to the realm of childhood. Her own childhood had ended abruptly on account of a sudden change in fortune, which resulted in the death of her father. Her mother died soon after and Marjorie now lived with her aunt, Mrs. Gray. All day she dreamed of wading in warm, sunny brooks, which tumbled cheerily through flower-decked woods.

That evening she confided the whole dream to her aunt and that worthy woman, who was wise and experienced, listened gravely and marveled secretly at the fancies of youth. At last she said, "Well, I really see no reason why we shouldn't spend our vacation in this way. I know an exact spot."

"Oh, tell about it quick, Aunt Marjorie," pleaded Marjorie. "Is it close to the woods, and is it vine-covered, and are there little children near?"

"It is all of that and even more," answered the elder Marjorie.

And so it was settled. Marjorie asked for her vacation in May instead of July and a week later as the train stopped at a little station among the hills, she and her aunt stepped off and were seen shaking hands with an elderly man standing near by.

"This is Mr. McLean," said Mrs. Gray to Marjorie, "and he has promised us his home up here for a couple of weeks while he is away."

"I can't see, though, why you two women want to live there by yourselves, even for that short a time," remarked Mr. McLean.

"Just a whim of Marjorie's," explained Mrs. Gray.

About an hour later Mr. McLean stopped the horses before the most entrancing spot Marjorie had ever seen. Just back of the vine-covered house were the woods and Marjorie could already hear the tinkle of a brook.

That evening was spent in arranging their few belongings, but the next morning Marjorie was up early; in short skirts, barefooted and with her long brown hair in two braids down her back. First she explored the woods, waded in the brook, then she picked flowers to her heart's delight. That afternoon she met some children at the brook and then came the first of her disappointments. She tried in every way to make them treat her as one of the crowd, but always there was a questioning look in their eyes, as though she were treading on forbidden ground.

A number of days passed and Marjorie played alone. Then one day as she was sitting on the bank of the brook she heard someone whistling, and, looking up, she saw a tall, bronzed young man. Parting the bushes, he stopped short and stared at her (it seemed to Marjorie) for a full minute. Then he tipped his hat and said, "I beg your pardon, I didn't know anyone was near."

Marjorie laughed. She liked the looks of this young man and decided to try once more to find her lost childhood.

"Won't you come and help me?" she asked, "I'm trying to find a place to build my playhouse."

After this the days went faster. Marjorie told her aunt about it, and the older woman smiled queerly.

He was invited to dinner and while there told them that he was home from college for the summer and that his name was Robert Burton, that he loved farming and he also related many other facts about himself and his neighborhood.

Then one day the inevitable happened. When all was going smoothly, Bob suddenly ruffled the even current by asking Marjorie to marry him.

"Oh, Bob," she cried. "Now you've spoilt it all and when I was having the time of my life. We're children, Bob, we can't" Marjorie was actually tearful.

"Don't children play house?" he questioned gravely. "Can't we too? Please say yes."

"Yes, but—" began Marjorie.

"There, you've said it!" he cried, and so, hand-in-hand, they ran to tell Aunt Marjorie, who, wiser, than most mortals, didn't say, "I told you so."

D. D. '16.

I've taken quite a fancy to you, dear,
And I'd like to paddle your canoe.
And I fancy you could love me, dear,
Or you wouldn't act the way you do.
There's something in your style and manner,
There's something seems to tell me true,
It's just because you are my little dearie,
You're the sweetest little girl I ever knew.

H. V. M. '16.

"Song of Hiawatha."

All ye classmates, all ye schoolmates,
All ye of the tribe of old Adeliens,
Every squaw and every warrior,
Gather round the camp fire's circle,
And your minds from books dismissing,
List the story of our Chieftain,
This, the song of Hiawatha.

* * *

First, the chief of all the chieftains,
Lindeman, mightiest of the great ones,
Always leader on the war path,
Always speaker in Assembly.
How the young squaws and young warriors
Groan within themselves, some out loud,
When forward he advances
To the full light of the campfire.
Tells them of their many evils,
Of the numerous rules they've broken;
And to break up the bad feelings
Tells some funny "That reminds me."
He it is who has traveled greatly,
Visited all the tribes for miles round,
Shows us pictures from a lantern
Of the numerous ways and customs
Practiced by the people far off.
But love we all Chief Lindeman,
Our Prof., the mighty warrior.

Next is Fowler, mighty Chieftain,
Seldom smiling, always sober.
Who but lately left his people,
Left his tribe and old hunting grounds;
Came to teach all the young braves
How to tackle, how to run fast,
How to jump high, how to strike last.
Makes them live on meal and bear meat,
Will not let them eat the sweet roots,
When the squaws do tempt them so.
Thus it is they win (?) the battles,
When they meet with other tribesmen.
Also teaches the new tribesmen,
Freshies they are well known as,
How the Sun God, when he's well pleased,
Smiles and shines his light upon us.
To the older tribesmen of the great tribe,
Teaches how to fit the arrow,
How to carve the bow from hickory,
How to make the arrow straighter,
When and where to pull the bowstring.
Surely he is a Great Chieftain.

Many great squaws dwell among us,
Winsome, smiling with much knowledge,
First among these comes Squaw Axten,
With flaxen hair like heap big dolly,
With blue eyes like skies of summer,
With the soft sound when she speaks.
Takes the Chief's place in Assembly,
When from our midst he travels.
Reprimands the squaws and warriors
When they linger in the hallways.
Makes the fair squaws and young braves
Search the book of the Great Spirit,
All the dictionaries and great volumes,
Looking for the derivation
Of some word and for its meaning.
Makes them point out all the figures,
Etymology, Rhetoric and the Syntax.
If they whisper, makes them linger
Till the Sun God has rested long,
Or if they're bad in classes,
Makes them work till they no like it.
Yet we love our dear Squaw Axten.

Next to her is learned Squaw Joy.
She has longest been among us,
And has studied from her childhood,
All the wonders of the heavens,
All the happenings great and small
Which occurred in the moons before us,
In the time called pre-historic.
Shares her knowledge to all students
Who desire to know heap much more.
Also teaches other students
Of the speeches made by Vergil
When in the heat of anger
Of the tongue-fights he is famous.
Often does the sun come up and go down,
'Ere her students have ceased working
On the never-ending compounds,
On the sentences and long verbs
That are found in his speeches.
Love we all our great Squaw Joy.

Then comes Thomson, sweet and laughing,
With the smile like bright sunshine;
But four moons since she to please us
Came to teach the squaws and warriors
How to fight "Math," our greatest foeman.
Makes them hand in notebooks monthly,
Makes us all work like madmen;
Drawing lines and making circles
Which should meet in certain places.
Let some who have yet small knowledge

Play with A B C's and numbers,
Makes them take and give and borrow,
When they play with such small trifles;
So that they may gain much knowledge,
Which will let them buy at bargains.
(Small) yet great is our Squaw Thomson.

Then is Ady, always smiling,
With the hair like danger signals,
Who but lately for our pleasure,
Left her home and well-known people,
Left her heart there for safe keeping,
(So the young braves have discovered.)
Came to teach us as Squaw Joy,
Of the language dead and gone long;
How friend Caesar made his marches,
How he made his marvelous speeches,
How and where constructed bridges,
When and how he pitched his wigwam.
She it is who makes the tribesmen
Work and labor like the convicts,
Giving all the derivations
Of the long and lengthy adverbs,
Learning all the conjugations
Of the indeclinable adjectives.
Thus the students (always) working
Under mighty supervision,
Have twice doubled their mental knowledge (?)
Till the Chief of all the Chieftains
Has expressed surprised opinion.
But we love our dear Squaw Ady.

Now comes Newcomb, always cheerful,
Almost last, but least by no means,
Thirteen cubits stands she skyward,
Wears a belt of rarest wampum,
And this belt is just two cubits.
Teaches squaws of the older classmen
How to bake the bear meat browner,
How to mix the meal more finely,
When to stir the milk and honey,
How to cook to please the warriors;
Of the sweet roots, which are sweetest,
Of the bitter, which is bitterest,
Of the hot ones, which are hottest,
How to mix them all together,
Making food which tastes like bubbles,
Which will please the chieftains greatly.
Surely we love our *magna* Squaw Newcomb.

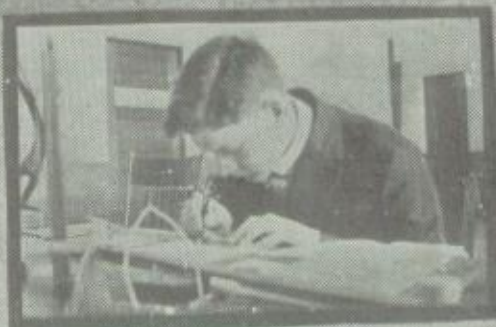
Last of all our Squaws and Chieftains
Comes Squaw Warren, very cheerful.
She has a voice like falling water,
Teaches how to give the war song,
Leads the singing at our Pow-Wows,
(When we have them) ???????
Waves the tomahawk to keep time by,
Makes us open wide our voices,
Down our tongues and up epiglottis.
Heap fine singers we will yet be. (?)
Teaches all this and heap much more;
How to play the tam-tams,
Castanets and Indian war drums,
How to play the piano:
Hold the hands upon the keyboard,
Strike the notes with fingers just so.
Great is Squaw Warren among the great ones.

Ends the song of Hiawatha.
Now the great ones all are mentioned.
Dismissed is the quick-called council,
For the campfire's glow is dying.
Go tell other tribes around us
Of our powerful Squaws and Chieftains,
Who dwell, loved by all among us,
In the tribe of old Adeliens.

R. V. '17



Still Appropriate



A Senior Laboring (?)



Grinning



Three Belles



Going to School



Pumpkin Pie



A Rose Between Thorns



Tom making the nine



Brie, Tim, Harry



?



Three Move



Fishing on the Fair



STUDENT PERFORMANCE



STUDENT PERFORMANCE



Two Women



Our Team



Cutie



Good Friends



KITCHEN MECHANICS

Letter from Miss Taylor

Nanking, China, Feb. 12, 1915.

My dear girls and boys in the Adel High School:

I hope you still consider yourselves at least partly mine, even though I must share you with a number of new teachers and in spite of the fact that you have moved into a fine new home since I was part of your high school life. I shall never give up my claim on you so long as any of you whom I had in my classes are still in school. I have heard so much about the beauty and usefulness of the new building that I am very eager to see it for myself. I am sure it must be a great joy to all of you and you must all feel like doing your very best in such splendid environment.

I scarcely know where or how to begin telling you about my work and experiences in China. It is all so interesting and so absolutely different from anything in America that it is hard to select the things which you may find most appealing. The University of Nanking is a union institution supported by several American mission boards. It is different from an American university in that it includes a complete educational course, beginning with the primary school and ending with the college. I have the English in the middle school, which includes what corresponds to our sixth, seventh and eighth grades at home, although the pupils are for the most part older than pupils in these grades usually are, because the majority of them have had very little opportunity at an education aside from what they get in their own little Chinese private schools and this doesn't fit them for the kind of work we give in the middle school. So my boys range in age from ten or twelve to eighteen or twenty. As a class they are a very studious, earnest lot and the majority of them are very bright and attractive, though some of them are exceedingly funny. There is one little fellow who wears an earring in one ear. This means that he is either an only son or the oldest son and his parents are trying to protect him from the evil spirits by deceiving them into thinking he is a girl.

No doubt they would all look extremely queer to you in their long robes and funny little round caps which they wear in the house as well as outside. Their clothes are all made exactly alike, though differing in material. They consist of a long, straight robe or "gwadzi," which fastens on one shoulder and down under one arm and extends nearly to the ankle. The sleeves are cut in one piece with the body of the garment and there is a standing collar, open at the front. You can tell how many clothes a boy has by counting his collars, as every one has one and they stand up one inside of the other. These "gwadzis" are made of cotton, wool or silk and all who can afford it have at least one fur-lined one for cold weather. Under this robe they wear queer little tight-legged trousers, bound in closely about the ankle with a wind band of satin or cotton.

Their shoes are always low, made of cloth, with thick paper or leather soles, and their stockings are made of heavy white cloth cut to fit the foot. This is the regulation Chinese costume, but many of the more wealthy, progressive Chinese are now wearing foreign shoes, stockings and hats, and a few

wear complete foreign costumes. The women's clothes are very similar to the men's, except that their "gwadzis" are shorter, extending only to the knee, and their trousers are not bound at the ankle. They wear no hats, though married women have a shaped band of black satin or velvet, often beautifully embroidered, brocaded or braided, which they wear in the winter time, across their foreheads and over their ears, fastening it in with their hair at the back. I think our costumes, with their multiplicity of styles and especially our hats, must look excruciatingly funny to them. I came across this sentence the other day in one of my boy's grammar lessons: "White women's dresses are very narrow around their waists." (If he had said "around their feet" it wouldn't have struck me as so strange.)

But in spite of dress and other outward appearances I find these Chinese boys are very much like American boys in many ways. They love fun and are especially fond of football, baseball and tennis. They have a very keen sense of humor and are quick to see a joke. At Christmas time they gave a play and their acting was as good as any amateur acting I ever saw. Indeed, they have a natural dramatic instinct which crops out constantly in their ordinary conversation. They are extremely polite and make me feel quite like a princess before her subjects when they all rise as I enter the room and remain standing until I am seated. I am already very fond of some of them and am hoping they may some day go to America to school.

I must tell you some of their names so you can appreciate my task during the first few weeks of school, when I had exactly ninety of them to memorize. These boys are all in one class: Wei Shoh Run, Yuen Yung Kwan, Li Yas Fu, Tuan Chin Li, Lu Shun Yeh, Chang Pih Shang, Lo Tsing Lien, Djong Shui Fang, Uias Deh En, etc., etc. The first one is the surname, the other two given names. They are always called by all three.

The Chinese have a queer custom regarding names. A child is given a name at birth, when he starts to school this name is changed and when he graduates it is again changed. When a girl is married she drops her given names entirely and is thereafter known only as So-and-So's wife, or, after she has a son, as So-and-So's mother. One day in a language on proper names my boys were to write the names of their father and mother. They wrote the first without any difficulty but when they came to the second they were puzzled and finally one of the braver ones said, "My mother hasn't any name." How would you like that, girls?

However, if a Chinese woman's hardships were confined to this necessity of going through life nameless they would be a very minor matter compared to what they really are. No American woman can live in China long without feeling eternally thankful that she happened to be born in America instead of here. According to the old Chinese custom, you know, parents betroth their children when they are mere babies and as soon as the little girl is able to work she is taken into the home of her future husband, where she is the virtual slave of her mother-in-law. Not only is she deprived of all the love and care of her own mother, but is only too often beaten, cursed and imposed upon by the entire family of her husband. The woe-begone, neglected looks of some of these unhappy little "sec-fees," as they are called, are pitiful to see. This continues as long as the mother of the family lives, then the eldest son and his wife become the head of the household and dominate the younger ones.

With the growing sentiment toward education for women this custom is losing ground and in many of the better families is no longer practiced. A Chinese wife is the property of her husband and has no rights before the

law. In fact her only weapon is her tongue and she uses it freely enough sometimes on both her husband and children.

Nanking is a city of about 350,000. It was built some time during the second century B. C. and has always been famous as an educational center. It is surrounded by an immense wall twenty miles in circumference, from thirty to seventy feet high and thirty feet thick. There are twelve massive gates, constantly guarded by soldiers and closed every night at nine o'clock. There are places, at intervals, where one can climb to the top of the wall. It is a lovely place to walk and affords a fine view of the city and the surrounding country. The country around Nanking is very picturesque, with mountain ranges on every side and the broad, yellow Yangtze winding along the north and west. It is not at all the barren, desolate place I had always imagined China to be but is green all the year round, with rice and wheat fields, lovely groves of feathery bamboo and hundreds of clear little ponds fringed with willows and covered with lotus and water lilies.

I wish I could picture for you the view from my bedroom window. On the horizon about five miles to the east rises old Purple mountain, one of the landmarks of Nanking. The Chinese name is Dzi Ging Shau, or Purple Gold Mountain, and it is happily chosen, for when the sun is bright the whole mountain is a mass of old gold color and in the early morning and evening or on dull days it is a deep purple. In the foreground just beyond the mulberry grove on the other side of our compound wall is a lovely green hill crowned with an old Buddhist temple, called Bu Dje Go, or North Star Temple. There is a steep, winding path leading to this temple, which is occupied by both priests and soldiers. The entire hillside is covered with graves, as indeed is every vacant space in Nanking. We are so accustomed to walking among graves here that we think no more about them than we would of a landscape of wild flowers at home. In fact, the footpaths and old narrow paved roads winding over the hillsides among the graves are our favorite walks.

On the hill just back of our house is a little Chinese schoolhouse. It is a tiny, little place with a hard dirt floor and two infinitesimal windows, so high up in the wall that they let in next to no light. The only furniture consists of the high tables and benches without backs and an altar with a dust-covered Buddha and two or three incense burners upon it. Here the twenty little boy students spend every day in the week from seven o'clock in the morning until dark writing Chinese characters or shouting aloud long lists of characters whose meaning they do not know at all. The teacher is a long-haired, untidy, consumptive-looking individual who lives in the schoolhouse and has a garden and a few chickens. When I looked in one evening recently he was smoking a long-stemmed pipe while the children wrote characters in that cold, dark, dingy room which we would consider unhealthy for even animals.

I am at present having my winter vacation, the first I've had this year except Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's days. It comes at this time of year on account of the Chinese New Year, which is the 12th this year. The government has officially adopted January 1st as the beginning of the year but an age-old custom cannot be changed in a day and the people still celebrate the old date. The government schools have a three weeks' vacation so the mission schools conform and we have our holidays at this time instead of at Christmas time. The Chinese New Year is the great event of the year. Formerly business houses, schools and all public places were closed for the entire month. Now they are closed the greater part of the week,

the people hold feasts and family reunions, all business accounts are settled, gifts and good wishes exchanged and the rites of ancestor worship are performed in the ancestral halls. The streets are gay with banners; flags and lanterns wave and the people are buying new clothes, having their heads freshly shaved and patronizing the public bath houses.

I am invited to a feast on the evening of the 16th at the home of a Chinese doctor in one of the hospitals here. These Chinese feasts are no insignificant affairs, as the following menu will show you. These dishes were actually served at a wedding feast which one of my friends here attended. The classification is Chinese. Fruit: Pomegranates, pears, oranges; Dried fruits: Candied melon seeds, sugared peanuts, green plums (similar to our olives), sandja jelly (the sandja is a small, red fruit resembling crab apples); Vegetables and meats: Shrimps cooked in oil, smoked ham, smoked fish, pickled tripe, salted duck livers, sea weed, ducks' eggs pickled in lime (these eggs are buried in lime until they are black and perfectly preserved. They are considered a great delicacy), sweet breads; Large bowls: Sea slugs, fried duck, stewed fish, winter bamboo with pheasants, eight precious foods (this dish is a concoction of lotus seeds, cypress berries, dates, barley, honey, sandja, lichees (a nut) and rice, all moulded together. It is most delicious.), crabs, pork balls fried in oil, clear soup with chicken sinews and fish stomachs; Small Bowls: Clear soup with shrimps without shells, fried kidney, shrimps with water bamboo, chicken skins, garlic sprouts with pheasant, Korean meat, pineapple; Dessert: Dark-cloud-covering-snow (a poetical name for rice with a covering of black seeds. Fortunately it isn't considered discourteous to refuse any of these dishes and it is rather difficult to overeat with chopsticks! One of my schoolboys asked me the other day if foreigners never ate with chop sticks. I suppose he thinks us perfect barbarians.

I wish I could tell you of the interesting street scenes I see every day on my way to school. Many of them ludicrous beyond description and others pitiful to a painful degree. If you will come over to see me I'll take you for the most exciting ride you ever had, not in a Thomas Flyer, but in a rickshaw with a brawny coolie to pull you, through narrow streets so crowded with donkeys, wheelbarrows and pedestrians that your heart will be in your mouth most of the time for fear you'll run someone down or be spilled out in the mud yourself.

I would appreciate more than I can tell you, any letters you high school people or alumni might write me. I have heard from a few of you and should like so much to hear from others. It is sweet to be remembered any time, you know, but especially so when you are twelve thousand miles from home.

With best wishes for all of you, especially the Junior class, and a hope that the 1916 Scarlet and Black may be the best annual ever published by the Adel High School, I am,

Your sincere friend,

E. GRACE TAYLOR.

Letter from Scott Snyder

Editor Scarlet and Black: Your request for a story for the 1915 issue of the high school annual is an appreciated one, but I fear that anything in the nature of a reminiscence from a member of the class of 1893 will be ancient history to your present-day readers.

The band of hopefuls released from the Adel High School in that year have not, so far as I have learned, set the world afire in the way their parents hoped, but they had their share of enjoyment while in school and accumulated the usual amount of knowledge from the text books and a corps of competent instructors. They were no better and possibly no worse than the average class. They gave Prof. Wilson and his estimable wife as much trouble and as much joy as any other crowd. In spite of the fact that we all thought our "graduation" was the main event in history that year, we did not command nearly so much attention as the world's fair in Chicago or as the birth of a number of Adel babies, some of whom are doubtless members of the class of 1915.

I might tell you of the love affairs of Bert Byers and Kate Russell, of the achievements of Victor (Caesar) Johnson in the Latin class, of the painstaking efforts of Millie Campbell and Viola Morey to fit themselves for teaching, of the sisterly efforts of Cora Marsh to help the rest of the class in their studies, of the many "dates" asked of Mame Crawford by the young men of her acquaintance or of the popularity of Grace Nye and the awe in which we all held her father, Rev. C. L. Nye, but that would be telling tales out of school.

The only thing I have to offer is about the other member of the class of '93—how he came near shattering the hopes of his parents by failing to receive his sheepskin. The "Other Member" was inclined to put in his time playing football and baseball, letting someone else figure out his problems in geometry, or learning to play a horn in Verne Russell's band, rather than to become a shining light in the educational world. Things "broke well" for him as a rule and "tomorrow" was a day little thought of. All he seemed to care for was three invitations to the dining room daily and a batting average of .300.

When it came time for selection of final oration subjects and the attendant rehearsals, Prof. Wilson assigned the "Other Member" to his wife, who was the principal. Mrs. Wilson assigned him to her husband, and neither knew that he was not working hard to close his high school career in a blaze of glory and nine pages of Henry Clay oratory.

The commencement exercises were held on Thursday and things went on smoothly until Monday of that week, when Prof. Wilson broke up a contemplated fishing party by casually announcing that he would like to hear the "Other Fellow" rehearse his oration. Because there was nothing else to do, a confession was in order. There was something doing in Mr. Wilson's private office right away. A subject was chosen, assistance given and on Thursday night the people of Adel were treated to a highly-elevating

discourse on "The Modern Daily Newspaper." I am free to confess that they were told more about a newspaper that night than I have learned after working around one for twenty years. It was a grind to get the oration ready and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson both put in some strenuous hours, but the "Other Member" finally squeezed through and accepted his diploma from President J. B. White as if everything had been carried out in the usual manner.

I know this to be a fact, for I was "The Other Member."

SCOTT SNYDER.

Perry, Iowa, February 15.

Letter from Hazel Ferguson

Miss Elizabeth Storm,
Editor 1916 Scarlet and Black,
Adel, Iowa.

Dear Miss Storm:

The one event which stands out above all others in the history of the class of '07 is the famous class scrap of 1906, the year we were Juniors.

Contrary to the usual custom, our class and the Senior class were the best of friends, likewise sworn enemies to the two lower classes. On account of this feeling of good fellowship for our Senior brothers and sisters, we decided that the Senior-Junior banquet should be an affair far superior to the banquets our predecessors had offered.

We hired the Woodman Hall, furnished it with all the rugs and rocking chairs that our long-suffering mothers would furnish, decorated with plants and pennants, secured the services of the Industrial Society to furnish the "eats" and sat up nights making hand-painted placecards (to the neglect of lessons).

Meanwhile the Sophs and Freshies were just as busy making plans of an entirely different nature. The son of the county sheriff was inveigled into furnishing handcuffs and shackles, and a supply of white paint was secured.

The evening of the banquet the girls arrived at the hall early. They waited and waited, but no boys. At last sounds of warfare arose from the streets below, and the boys dashed up the stairs, minus coats, hats and collars, bruised and muddy and one dangling a pair of shackles. The Sophs and Freshies had made their plans work.

On calling the roll two were found missing and the boys went forth to their rescue, finding one hidden in a coal bin, the other still a captive. By this time the town marshal had been called to quell the riot and peace was once more restored.

After thread and needle had mended rent garments, bruises dressed and fresh collars found for the crowd, the banquet proceeded, just an hour behind time.

Next morning everything from the standpipe to the big rock at the corner of the schoolhouse yard boasted the '08 and '09 numerals, but what did we care, for in our possession was one pair of shackles, worth some five dollars, for which, in due time, the '08 and '09 classes had to pay.

This explains why there was no banquet for the '07's.

Of course this was a long time ago and such an affair in this present day and age would be entirely out of place, but—well, the members of the class of '07 still know where those shackles are.

HAZEL T. FERGUSON, '07

1914 Commencement

A

NOTHER class has been added to the already long list of those leaving Adel High School, and in one sense that of 1914 was peculiarly prominent among the graduating classes. Their passing from the halls of Adel High School marked an era in Iowa educational affairs. Their graduation was emphasized by the razing of the old home of the Adel schools, the three-story brick building erected some years before. The destruction of the old building revived memories in the minds of many an Adel resident, and touched the hearts of all its graduates.

But if any class had been selected by authorities for the particular honor of being the last to graduate from the honored old school house, it could have come no nearer perfection than that class, which by chance was to be thus rewarded, the class of 1914. So high were the members of this class in scholarship, so valiant in athletics, so effective in their leadership of the school and so successful in their attempts to lift the institution to a higher plane, that their names will stand long in the annals of Adel High School. It is particularly significant, that coincident with the consummation of the class's school career of culture, the outgrown shelter of time-worn bricks that formed the bonds of conservatism should have crumbled to the ground and upon its site sprung a shelter of progress, typifying in its architecture, structure and atmosphere the hope and promise of knowledge and enlightenment.

The commencement of 1914 can be properly said to have begun on the night of May 28, when the annual banquet given by the Junior class was held. Gathered together upon that occasion were the classes of 1914 and 1915, and the faculty of the year 1913-14. Professor Lindeman, superintendent of schools for the past four years, headed the faculty, which was composed of Miss Elsie Axten, principal of the high school then as she is now; Mrs. R. E. Joy, the veteran of the faculty; Miss Marcia Wilson, now Mrs. Ralph Hoffman; Miss Carol Conger, now Mrs. Van Storm, and Miss Catherine Alden, now Mrs. Brown, of Lincoln, Neb. Among the members of the class of 1914 was Clark Biggs, to whose name a long list of high school titles could be added, a leader of the school for over three years; Lester Chance, supreme athlete for many miles about, and winner of many a victory for the Scarlet and Black, a true sportsman and gentleman; Geneva Wiles, perhaps the most popular young lady and greatest student ever attending Adel High School, at the head of her class and graduating with an extraordinarily high standing; Ross Smith, noted as a musician of ability; Mary Celley, who is now training for teaching, and a number of other talented and true young men and women who have matriculated in the school of life. In the class of 1915 were Ruth Chamberlin, editor-in-chief of the school annual last year; Golden Mitchell and Mary Frances Clark, efficient business managers of the annual, under whose direction the class expenses were cleared away almost before the annual was issued; Mary Fox, toastmistress of the even-

ing and a host of other social and scholastic successes. The banquet was conceded to be the most successful ever staged in Adel.

The next event of importance was the Baccalaureate, held in the Methodist church on Sunday evening, May 17, the sermon, a masterly effort, being delivered by the Rev. Ira T. Hawk, of the Presbyterian church. Upon this occasion the class made its initial appearance in the cap and gown, being the first class in the history of the school to adopt the dress. This speaks volumes for the democracy of the class and the attitude of Professor Lindeman, who was the prime factor in establishing the custom.

On the next Friday evening, May 22, occurred the final event of the year, the commencement, at the splendid Adel opera house. The building was filled to capacity, and the interest of the audience typified the spirit of the citizens, who, by their support of the schools, both financially and personally, have made possible great progress in educational lines.

After a few preliminaries, Superintendent Lindeman introduced Dr. Arthur McMurray, who delivered an excellent address full of inspirational messages. Dr. McMurray was enthusiastically received and his advice to the class was listened to with intense interest by the audience. A beautiful quartet of voices followed and presented Schumann's "Summer Song." The valedictory, a great piece of work, was then given by the honor student of the class, Miss Geneva Wiles. After a delightful vocal duet by Ethel James and Viola Buchanan, the president of the board of education, D. E. Luther, with an appropriate speech, presented each of the class with a diploma, tied in the class colors. With the class song, "Waltz and Chorus," from Faust, given in concert, the exercises adjourned.

Immediately after the close of the evening's program, a meeting of the newly-graduated class was held and a temporary organization of Adel High School Alumni, with the members of the class as members, and the officers of the class as temporary officers of the alumni organization, was formed. Committees were appointed to plan for a general gathering of the alumni and to effect a permanent organization. This meeting, after much expense and labor on the part of the class, was held on the evening of July 14, when a permanent organization of the Alumni of Adel High School was established. A constitution was adopted embodying many of the ideals presented by the class of 1914. A committee was appointed to act in co-operation with the school authorities for the advancement of the school. The commencement of 1914 was a fitting climax to the high school course of the class of 1914, a commencement that will long stand as the most successful ever held in Adel High School.

V. S. '14

Charge of the Light Brigade.

By the step, by the step,
By the step, onward,
Up the clay hill we climb,
Climb the five hundred.
Forward the High School,
Everyone mind the rule,
In the great doors
Go the five hundred.

Forward went every grade,
Slowly was progress made,
Not tho' the kids knew
Everyone had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply
Theirs not to reason "why?"
Theirs but to do or die.
On thru the great doors
Falter the five hundred.

Teachers to right of us,
Teachers to left of us,
Teachers in front of us,
Seems 'most seven hundred.
They time us by a bell
Never tell us we do well,
But we don't care,
We're kids from Adel!
We—the five hundred.

Handed us books up there,
Shut out the sweet, spring air,
While we studied and rent our hair
All the town wondered.
Every day cross "they" spoke,
Every day rules we broke,
But it was all fun
For us—the five hundred.

Teachers to the right of us,
Teachers to the left of us,
Teachers behind us,
We're no more encumbered.
We—the kids of Adel,
All know we have done well.
Let them our praises tell.
We—the five hundred.

When can our glory fade?
O, the good grades we've made!
All the teachers wonder'd.
That's what the Juniors did,
Pride of the five hundred.

CELERY.

HUMOROUS



Marcella Lindeman

DEPARTMENT

These sayings are jokes, of course you know,
 Written only for fun;
 There are many of them that may not be so;
 We cannot please everyone.
 So read them all, and laugh at them, too,
 While you are looking them o'er,
 But if you find one written on you,
 Be careful
 and
 Don't
 Get
 Sore.

It may seem unfair, by no means just,
 But others may not think so;
 So swallow your dose, don't think it a thrust,
 And don't let the others know.
 We hope you will like every joke that is here,
 Perhaps you might even want more,
 But if you find one that makes you feel queer,
 Be careful
 and
 Don't
 Get
 Sore.

Mary Fox (while teaching eighth grade): "Jiggers, kids, here comes the Prof."

Lowell S.: "May I have that forty-four cents?"

Mr. Lindeman: "I won't have it until day after tomorrow. I haven't the change."

Mrs. Joy, in Med. History class, making use of abbreviations: "Can anyone here give the date of the period known as the 'Baby. Cap.'?"

Miss Axten: "Harry, you may describe Jerry as Dickens makes us see him."

Harry: "Search me, I can't do it."

Art Editor to Forrest: "Have you any baby picture of yourself?"

Forrest: "No, but I'll get some taken pretty soon."

Merle Chance in Eng. X.: "The shoe factory burned down and five thousand soles (souls) were lost."

Edith Steele must learn to notice Miss Axten's gaze before passing a note.

We wonder why Miss Axten refers to the author of "The Tale of Two Cities" as a little bit of Dickens.

Miss Ady, in German I.: "Opal where does your *nie* (knee) come?"

What makes Manley so fond of cats?

A Freshman translating "Haec in Gallis est importanus" made it: "Hike into Gaul, it's important."

Miss Ady to Merritt Young in German I.: "You're too soft, Merritt."
(Loud laughter from class.)

Miss Ady (blushing): "Well, you are, your voice is so low."

The Seniors gain wisdom. Golden M. tells us that Silas Marner wrote "Adam Bede."

Harry B. (after a new division had been made in the German class):
"Is this our class or the other?"

Miss Axten, in Eng. XI.: "By scansion you may tell where the end of the line begins."

Mary, as she climbed out of the buggy: "Thank you, Edith, for the ride."

Edith S.: "Much obliged."

Miss Thomson (Alg. XI.): "By our method of limitation we change our determination and get our simple equation."

Miss Axten: "Look at the note on page 437 in your appendix."

Miss Newcomb: "Manley, please keep your seat; David, also your head."

The favorite expressions of some of our dear teachers are: "Now ask yourself the question;" "Now, frinstance;" and——.

Mr. Fowler: "Merritt, what are you worth?"

Miss Axten, after hearing Ruth Celley's description of a beautiful moonlight night: "Did you see that all by yourself, Ruth?" (Sudden burst of laughter.) Miss A.: "Well, I meant, did you think that out yourself?"

Miss Ady, after someone had laughed at her for nearly falling off her seat: "It takes very little to entertain some folks."

Mr. Lindeman, speaking to Freshies: "Now, don't waste your time by looking at the pictures in your Algebras."

Miss Axten: "Give a part of the vow that Arthur's knights took."

Dwight: "Love one maiden only, cleave to her."

"Button, Button, who's got the Button?"

"Ivyl has."

Professor Lindeman, in Physics recitation: "What is hydrostatic paradox?"

Ruth Chamberlain, whispering to neighbor: "Say, is that something like an artesian well?"

Miss Ady: "Thomas, did you throw that chalk?"

Tom: "I don't remember, but I don't believe I did."

Soph: "Did you know Julius Caesar had an Irish girl?"

Junior: "No, where did you hear that?"

Soph: "It says in my Caesar pony—'Caesar came to the Rhine and proposed to bridge it.'"

The night was dark,
The air was sweeter,
The lightning flashed
And killed a moskeeter.

Ex.

Miss Ady: "What are the principal parts of the verb meaning 'to gather in'?"

Hugh: "Hugo, hugere, pressi, squeeze 'em."

Miss Axten, in Eng. XI.: "Wesley, what masterpiece have you produced today?"

Bill C.: "Handsome Harry."

Sidney C.: "I have been still for a solid minute now, and it has been the longest minute I ever passed in my life."

Miss Thomson in Geom.: "Why doesn't OE lie in AB?"

Ward: "Because it lacks about an inch."

Mrs. Joy (translating Vergil): "'Infelix,' Oh, unhappy man."

Ruth Chamberlain: "Well, where did you get your man?"

Mr. Lindeman, when passing around picture-show tickets: "Now, any of you who aren't here——"

Everyone: "Did the boys borrow their powder of Miss Ady or Clela?"

Green Freshie, as one of the Juniors' best dressers advanced to the front: "No wonder it's so noisy in here, just look at that dress."

We wonder what the critic meant at the Quill program when he said that "all speakers should stand on their own feet?"

Miss Ady: "Ward, you have an exaggerated sense of humor, you act perfectly foolish and your incessant giggling has worn my nerves to a point where I can't stand your babyish actions any longer."

Miss Newcomb: "David, you are a great way behind in your lessons; you can't spare a minute."

Lowell: "He'll 'ketchup.' "

In Physical Geography class. Mr. Fowler: "Zelma Conant, what are the names of the two thermometers?"

Zelma (thinking very hard): "Well—er, the kind the doctor uses, and—er, I don't know the name of the other."

Miss Axten: "What does *insistence* mean?. Use in a sentence."

Ward: "I know what *insist* means, but not *insistence*."

Miss Axten: "Try using it in a sentence."

Ward: "She insists that I tell her what *insistence* means."

Miss Newcomb, in Sewing Class (announcing the next day's lesson): "Girls, tomorrow we will finish dyeing."

Umpire (in basket ball): "Foul."

Cute Scrub: "Oh, where are the feathers?"

Nearby Senior: "This is a picked team, little one."

FAMOUS ALIBIES

1. No, I don't want to subscribe, my sister (maybe brother, cousin, uncle, aunt or anybody else), takes the Scarlet and Black.

2. Oh, why I wrote that, then forgot to bring it to school. Will it be all right if I bring it tomorrow?"

3. I didn't hear you assign that lesson, I thought the lesson was——

4. I really can't stay after school tonight, I have an appointment with the dentist!!!

5. I have a terrible headache, I must go home.

Miss Axten (in Reading class): "Little children will like this little poem. Read it to us, Marvel."

Did you notice Opal blush when Edith Steele said "that baker's bread always tasted sour?" Why not at least try to defend our friends?

Miss Ady: "Get the verbs even unto the third and fourth conjugations."

Nellie F.: "You said so."

Miss Newcomb: "I'm not the only one who says so. All good authorities do."

Mr. Fowler: "If all the money in the U. S. was divided up, we'd each have about \$35."

David C.: "I'll take mine now."

Miss Ady: "What does *Schneider* mean?"

Lowell: "Pork and beans."

Harry: "Naw, catsup."

Miss Axten: "I'll raise the window."

"No," shrieked Ruth C., "It's too cold."

Miss A., raising window: "Then sit over by Timothy, Ruth, he'll keep you warm."

Mrs. Joy: "Won't it be funny to be looking down on the earth a thousand years from now?"

Fred W.: "Yes, or looking up."

Now, why aren't we, the Junior class, the most important class in A. H. S.?

"We make more noise."

"Cause more trouble."

"Furnish more music."

"Get more high grades."

"More low grades."

"Cause more tardies."

"Are the only class in high school that can publish an annual."

"How could the H. S. get along without the Junior class?"

Recipe for Kisses (found in Ruth F.'s H. E. C. notebook): To one piece of dark piazza add a little moonlight; take for granted two people. Press in two strong ones a small, soft hand. Lift lightly two ounces of attraction, one of romance; add a large measure of jolly, stir in a floating ruffle of silence; dust in a quantity of hesitation, one ounce of resistance, two of yielding. Place the kisses on a flushing cheek, or two lips, flavor with a slight scream, and set aside to cool. (This will succeed in any climate, if directions are carefully followed.)

Tennyson could take a worthless sheet of paper, write a poem on it and make it worth \$25,000.

That's genius.

John D. can write a few words on a sheet of paper and make it worth \$5,000,000.

That's capital.

The editor of the Scarlet and Black can write a check for 5c and it won't be worth a cent.

That's tough.

The staff burns the midnight oil to turn out a few pages for you to criticise.

That's the Scarlet and Black.

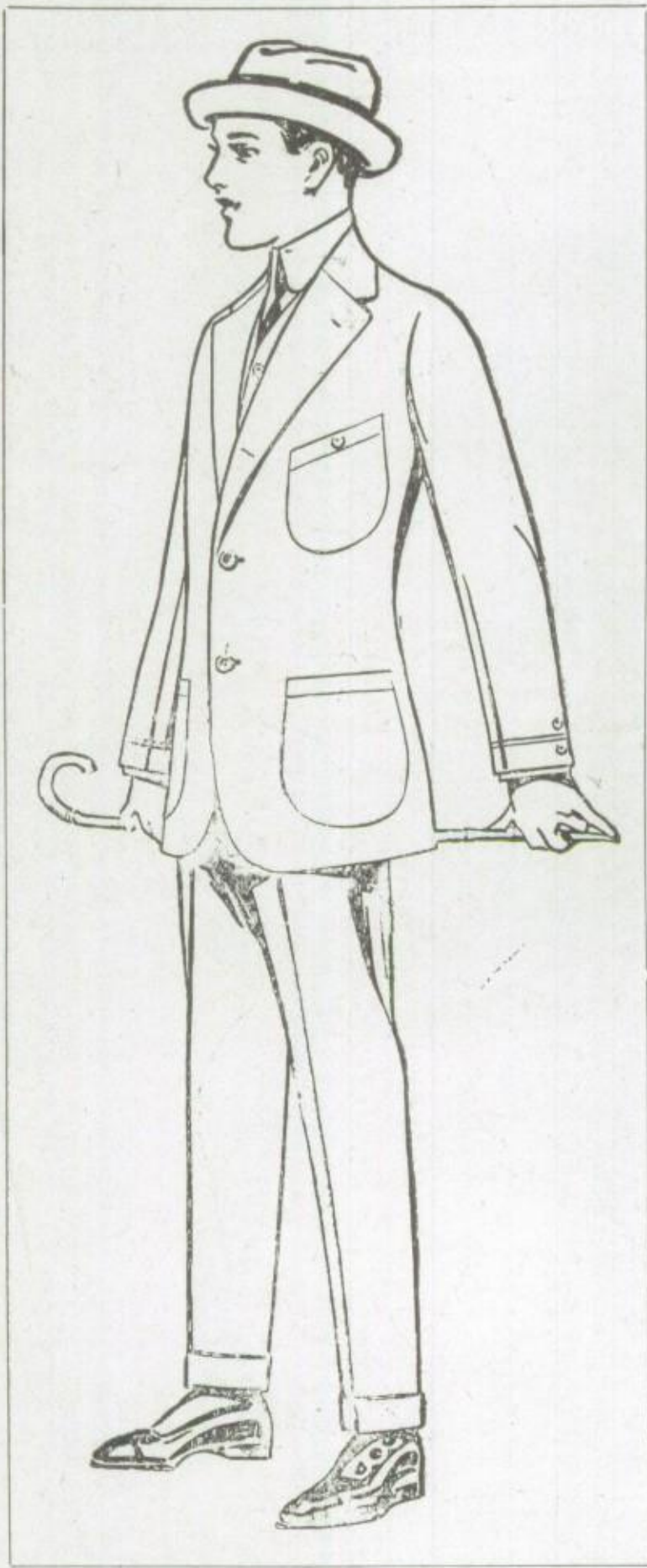
You can get to work and hand in a story, a poem, or a joke.

That's school spirit.

Dainty little Soph. goes tripping
Into class,
Into class,
Thru his mind the lessons slipping.
Will he pass?
Will he pass?
Will he e'er a Junior be?
Junior big?
Junior big?
Let him one hard lesson see:
Learn to dig!
Learn to dig!



"The Quality Store"



is
Headquarters
for
**Young Men's and
Boys'**
New, Nobby, Nifty,
Up to the Minute
Clothing and
Furnishings

We are successors to J. O. Carter at the old S. T. Smith store on the west side of the square and have put in complete new lines in all departments.

Lion Shirts and Collars.

We are exclusive agents and we specialize on this line of goods. Every Shirt bearing the "Lion Brand" label is guaranteed as to color, fit and service, and in Collars we have the new things first.

THE QUALITY STORE

Clothing, Furnishings and Hats

E. R. ORR, Prop.

S. M. LEACH, Pres.

ROBERT LEACH, Cashier

Adel State Bank

Oldest Incorporated Bank in Dallas County

CAPITAL \$50,000 00

ADEL, :-: IOWA



ESTABLISHED

1878

Buckman & Bales

Hardware

Implements

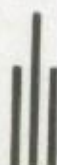
Heating

And

Plumbing

ADEL

IOWA





Electric Percolator

makes coffee that is absolutely perfect. Just turn the switch and it will do the rest. The latest invention for domestic use.

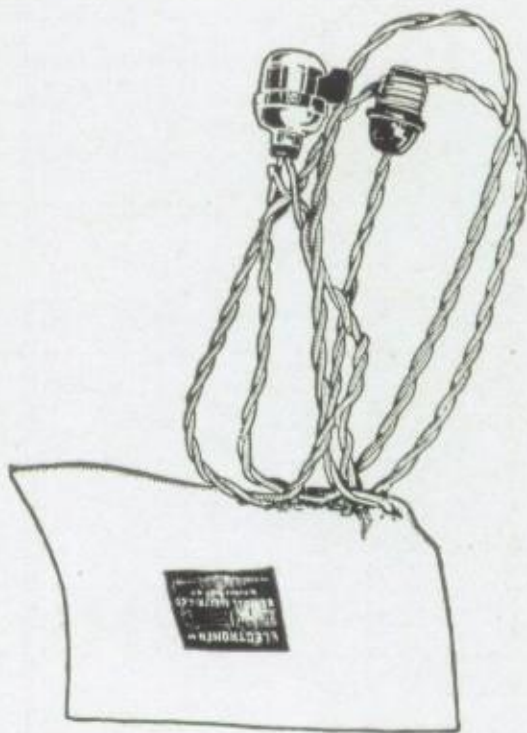


Adel Light & Power Co.

ADEL, IOWA

**LIGHTS, POWER
and ICE**

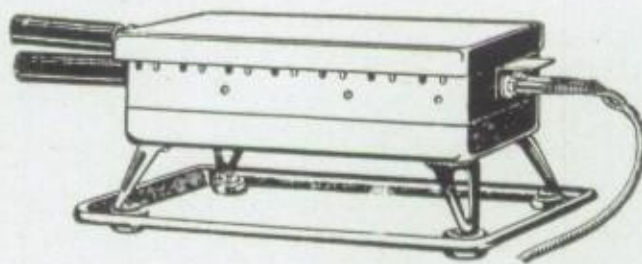
At Adel, Dallas Center, De Soto
and Van Meter



Heating or Warming Pads with long cord and attachment plug. A 3 heat switch near the pad. Heat can be regulated from just a warm pad to one almost hot enough to burn. Unexcelled for the sick room and just right for the bed room. Let us order you one now.

"El Grillo," It Boils, Broils, Toasts and Fries. Could you conceive of a more desirable, handy gift? Every family should have one.

Can be used in any socket in any room of the house. Unexcelled for Quick Lunches on hot summer evenings.



*Let us show you our Electric Fans, Time Saving Iron,
Handy Toaster and other Electric Devices.*

SUPERIOR QUALITY

Rugs, Linoleums, Carpets, Cloaks, Lace Curtains,
Window Shades, Corsets, Shoes, Rain Coats,
Underwear, Sweaters.

EVERYTHING IN DRY GOODS.

E. S. SHULTZ.

RALPH E. JOY, PRES.

S. M. LEACH, TREAS.

J. S. JOY, SEC'Y

Oldest and Most Complete Set of Books
in the County.

ADEL ABSTRACT, LOAN
AND LAND CO.

SUCCESSORS TO J. R. JOY & CO. CAPITAL STOCK \$10,000
INCORPORATED. ESTABLISHED 1859.

ABSTRACTS

LANDS
INSURANCE

LOANS

Office, Court House

Phone 22

Adel, Iowa

Miss Axten tells Dick he may go to another seat for exam.
Very innocently Dick asks—"Will I need my book?"
Miss Axten, blandly—"You may need it but you won't be
allowed to use it."

A certain Freshie had an English theme returned which he had not numbered. To call his attention to this Miss Axten had written across the back of the paper, "Number, Please." The Freshie gazed in utter bewilderment a few minutes and then said, "Well, I wonder what she thinks I am anyway, a telephone girl?"



Come to Us

...FOR...

JEWELRY

Of Every Description.

There is much to admire in our display of Sparkling Gems and Attractive Novelties for the simple reason that our assortment is remarkable. It's only necessary to look at what we have to see that this is the case. Your eyes must describe it to you, as we cannot attempt the task. Seeing is knowing, and in this case knowing is almost equivalent to buying. Our prices are reasonable.

C. B. Cozad

ADEL, IOWA

G. W. CONANT

Produce Station

Flour, Feed and Poultry Supplies.

Cash paid for Cream, Eggs and Poultry.

West Side Square, Adel.

PHONE No. 109.

RESIDENCE PHONE 155.

C. A. FORRESTER

The **Rexall** Store
DRUGGIST AND JEWELER

Drug Store Goods of a Dependable Quality
at reasonable prices.

Full line Watches and Jewelry.
Class Pins and Rings.

Edison Diamond Disc
Phonographs.

The Rexall Stores are America's Greatest Drug Stores.

It didn't fool us,
We bet that you
Think this is going
To be a poem,
But it isn't.

EDW. VAN CLEAVE

Drygoods Notions Shoes
Work Clothes
Ladies' Furnishings a Specialty
Adel, Iowa

The Picnic Dinner

Is fully supplied at our store. We always
have the choicest

Fancy Groceries, Fruits and Confectionery

that money and experience can secure.
We take pride in the excellence of our service.

Lon B. Smith, ***The People's Grocer***

J. F. TAWNEY

DEALER IN

GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

Fancy Groceries and Fresh and Cured Meats

No deal with us is complete until you
are satisfied.

Heston & Stacy

Up-to-Date Pharmacists

Complete Line of
Drugs and Druggists' Sundries,
Wall Paper and Paints,
Spaulding Athletic Goods,
Gunther's Chocolates.

Try Our Ice Cream

The Best is Most Desirable.

An industrious Junior brought a fly swatter to assembly, one day, which quickly received a place of honor at the 'teacher's desk.' Very soon the Junior was laughing heartily.

"Well—" asked "Her Honor" "what is so funny?"

"O teacher, really I didn't mean to, but I couldn't help it. A fly tickled me." And teacher gave back the swatter.

Miss Ady (to Francis, who was giving a declension in German)—
“Which way are you going?”

Francis—“Down.”

Miss Ady (amid great laughter)—“Well, we will hope for the best.”

What is Home Without Music?



Music—the one thing that
banishes home monotony,
care and trouble—
that brings amusement,
pleasure and refinement.

LUTHER & SON

can furnish this music and
the instrument to play it on.

Come in before buying

and see our fine line of PIANOS and MUSIC, and
let us figure with you.

D. E. LUTHER & SON

The home of Fine Furniture, Pianos, Rugs,
Linoleum, etc.



H. H. CRENSHAW

Real Estate
Farm Loans
Insurance

Adel,

:::

:::

Iowa

Insurance

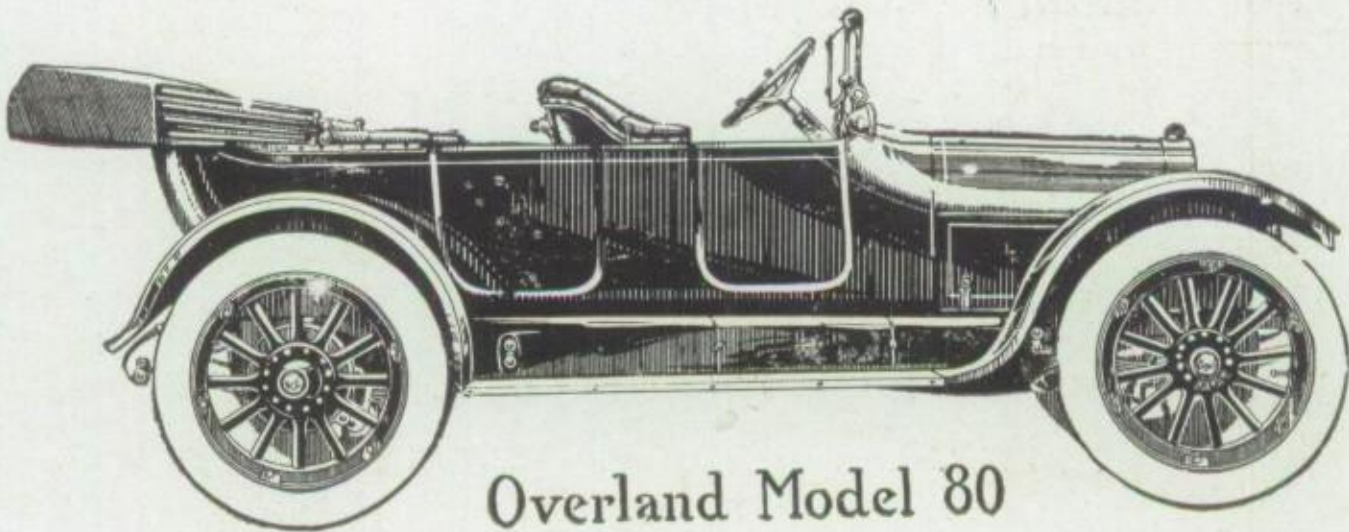
Fire, Lightning and Tornado

Time tried and Fire tested

Let us write you a Policy on Farm or City Property

Russell Loan & Title Co.

C. B. Dawes, Manager Insurance Dep't



Overland Model 80

Adel Auto Company

J. W. BATTERSON, Prop.

DEALER IN

Cadillac and Overland Cars

Storage

Supplies

Repairs

Miss Axtcn seeing Fred Wiedner throw a large quantity of unused paper in the basket—"Fred, don't you realize that is wasteful. If you keep up such extravagant habits, you'll die in the poor-house."

Freddie—"Might as well die there as anywhere."

Miss Ady—"Lloyd, if you can't quit talking, you had better move up to this vacant seat here."

Lloyd Conant, with an innocent look flooding his face and a voice all seriousness—"I beg your pardon but I wasn't talking that time."

And she believed.

The Sanitary Grocery

CHINAWARE

We can supply any of your needs in this line by the set or piece.

We are Adel's headquarters for Fancy and Staple Groceries.

LUTHER & LUTHER

Adel, Iowa.

**Groceries, Chinaware,
Work Clothes.**

Walter E. Scott

Physician and Surgeon

Also

EYE

EAR

NOSE

And

THROAT.

Spectacles Fitted

ADEL, IOWA

Herbert Floyd BARBER

Keeps the shop where everything is done up right.

ADEL, IOWA

C. V. McGriff

You will always look well if you get your Barber Work done at my shop. A customer once surely a customer always.

ADEL, IOWA

J. F. BOMBERGER

MERCHANT TAILOR

Cleaning

Pressing

Repairing

ADEL, IOWA

GO TO
THE PALACE

and enjoy the evening.
Nothing but the very best
pictures shown.

Carl Hodson

Manager

The First National Bank

Capital \$50,000.00. Surplus and Undivided

Profits \$8,000

J. W. Russell, President

D. A. Blanchard, Vice Pres.

Wm. Roberts, Cashier

L. R. Roberts, Ass't Cashier

ADEL,

IOWA

WILSON'S LIVERY

W. C. WILSON, Prop.

Team and Auto Livery

Phone No. 28R2

Adel, Iowa

WM. D. VALENTINE

Horse-shoeing, Plow, Mill and
Wagon Work

PROMPT SERVICE

Satisfaction Guaranteed



The Ford car is built to serve and to save. It is low in first cost, but its greatest economy is in the after cost of operation. No extravagant upkeep charges—no heavy tire and repair bills—just the satisfying day after day ability to go anywhere, over any kind of roads—in any kind of weather—and get back again—less than two cents a mile.

More than seven hundred thousand Ford owners are enjoying Ford service and experiencing the reality of Ford Economy.

Buyers of Ford cars will share in profits if we sell at retail 300,000 new Ford cars between August, 1914, and August, 1915.

Touring Car \$490; Runabout \$440; Town Car \$690; Coupelet \$750; Sedan \$975, fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit.

On Display and Sale at

Burkett Auto Co.

Adel and Dallas Center

DINGWELL & CLARKE
LAWYERS

ADEL,

- IOWA

Miss Ady in German class—
“Thomas, will you please keep
still?”

Tom—“I never said nothin’.”

Miss Ady—“Yes I know you
didn’t, but you looked like you
were going to.”

TOM MILLER
Painting and Paper
Hanging.

Phone 198R

Harry C. Irvin, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon.

Diseases of Children a
Specialty.

Surgery of the Nose and
Throat.

ADEL, IOWA

Sylvia E. Morgan
Chiropractor

Office in
First National Bank Building
VISITORS WELCOMED
Calls attended day and night

PHONE 102 ADEL, IOWA

Dr. R. C. Frush

DENTIST

FIRST FLOOR SANATORIUM

Phone 85R2

ADEL IOWA

C. E. Mershon, M. D.

Office—Caldwell Block

Hours—9 to 11 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m;
7 to 8 p. m.

Residence—Main Street, two
blocks west of square.

ADEL, IOWA

Dr. E. A. Witmer

DENTIST

ADEL, IOWA

Miss Ady—"Isn't your name
Harry?"

Fred W.—"No'm."

Miss Ady—"Well, I have a
Harry somewhere."

Frank Baldwin

Jeweler

Optometrist

Registered by Examination

ADEL, IOWA

D. G. Barkalow

M. D.

Office, Caldwell Block

Office Hours—9 to 11 a. m;
2 to 4 p. m; 7 to 8 p. m.

ADEL, IOWA

MRS. GUYER HANES

THE
UP-TO-DATE MILLINER

ADEL, IOWA

D. H. MILLER

Attorney and Counselor

General Practice in all State
and Federal Courts.
ADEL, IOWA

ARLINGTON HOTEL

A. J. GOODRICH, Prop.

Rates \$2.00 Per Day

ADEL, IOWA

BURTON RUSSELL

LAWYER

ADEL, IOWA

Build Your Silo-Barn-Corn Crib of Adel Irontile Cheap As Wood-Permanent As Iron-Most Modern

Make your farm buildings give you lifetime service without replacements. Build of the material that gives real economy—requires no paint, no repairs and looks as well after forty years of service as it does after ten days. That's **Irontile**—the ideal building material for every farmer. Gives you real building economy.

Adel Irontile Silo

An imperishable structure. Good for fifty years of service. Fire-proof, frost-proof and rot-proof. Won't fall down or blow over. No hoops to tighten. A solid, stable, lasting structure.

Ingot Iron Door Frame

Adel Irontile silos have door frames made of pure ingot iron; we'll guarantee them to last fifty years. They are strong, neat in appearance and easy to build around.

ADEL CLAY PRODUCTS CO.
Main St., Adel, Iowa

Adel Irontile Corn Crib

The Most Practical—Most Modern
Fire-proof and rat and mouse-proof. Rain can't get in. Perfectly ventilated; has nearly three-fourths of wall surface open. Dries corn quickly and evenly and prevents any possibility of moulding. Gives you lifetime service at practically the same first cost as a good wooden crib.

Complete Catalog Free. All about Irontile for Silos, Houses, Barns, Corn Crib, Hog Houses, etc. Shows pictures of modern farm buildings, gives valuable building information. Write for your copy today.



Dignified Senior—"Have you any baby ribbon?"

Clerk—"Yes ma'am, this way please."

Senior—"What's the price of this?"

Clerk—"A cent a yard."

Senior—"I'll take a yard and a half, please."

"Better Be Safe Than Sorry"

Only Expert Help Employed in Our Title Work. Modern Methods.

DALLAS COUNTY ABSTRACT COMPANY

JNO. G. REGAN, Manager

Adel,

Iowa

G. W. WILLIAMS



**DEALER IN GROCERIES,
MEATS AND BAKED GOODS**



ADEL, IOWA

J. W. SNYDER

Proprietor

SHOE HOSPITAL



We Operate Every Day

ADEL, IOWA

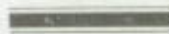
One day noon, Vernon McGriff went home full of excitement.

"Oh mother," he said, "I got 100 this morning."

"That is nice," replied his mother, "but what was it in?"

"Fifty in German and fifty in Algebra," answered Vernon proudly.

The Dallas County News



LARGEST PAPER IN THE COUNTY

Its quality is as big as its size

THE ONLY SMALL THING IS ITS PRICE

\$1.00 PER YEAR

Harvey, the Baker

Everybody must eat Bread. When you see the label of HARVEY on a loaf you know that you are eating good, clean, wholesome bread. His Pies, Cakes and other Bakery Goods are above the Standard.

Adel, Iowa

S. J. NUZUM

Auctioneer

And

Real Estate

ADEL, - IOWA

Phone 164M

While in town make the
FEED SHED

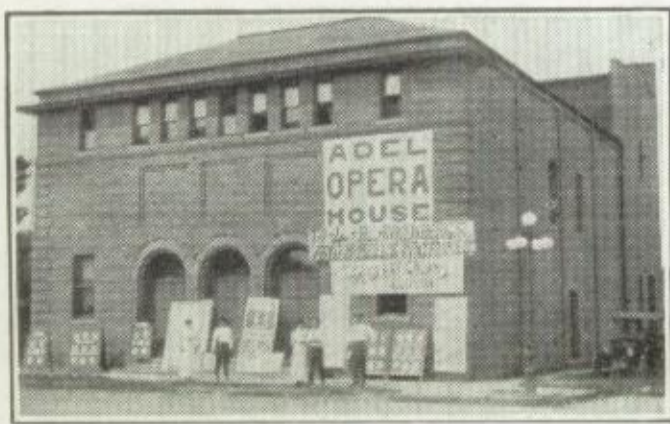
Your headquarters. We shell and grind feed, also sell Hay, Grain and Mill Feed.

Your patronage solicited.

IKENBERRY

...FOR ALL KINDS OF...

PHOTOGRAPHS



Also we run the best

**MOTION
PICTURES**

That can be had every
Tuesday, Thursday and Satur-
day With Vaudeville.

Our Telephone Number is 169

Call Us Up

I. U. IKENBERRY



H. H. HUTZELL

Architect

Contractor

Builder

I have a Universal Wood Working Machine
and am prepared to do all kinds of work.

Phone 161

Adel, Iowa

J. B. White

G. W. Clarke

WHITE & CLARKE

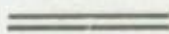
Attorneys at Law

ADEL, IOWA

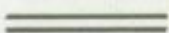
Office over Adel State Bank

Caldwell Block

McKAY'S TRANSFER COMPANY



W. L. Keeney, Manager



GOODS CAREFULLY HANDLED

A. I. KULP, D. V. M.

Office and Hospital
Half block north of Opera House
Hawkeye phone No. 36

Residence
One block north of Arlington
Hotel
Phones
Hawkeye No. 66, Mutual No. 20

Miss Axten—"Who can tell
some of the personal charac-
teristics of Tennyson?"

Ward Miller—"Well, he was a
lover of nature, and he liked
to walk in the timber by him-
self. and well—he was a good
fellow."

Your Annual

ENGRAVED

PRINTED

BOUND

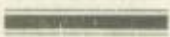
In one complete Plant

Under one Management



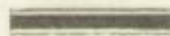
OUR SPECIALTY

School and College Annuals



Quality and Service

OUR MOTTO



Write For Estimates

Brock-Haffner Press

Successor to Williamson-Haffner Co.

DENVER,

COLORADO

